

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—A violent controversy over Prohibition broke out during the Christmas holidays. Senator Harris demanded a preliminary report of the Law Enforcement Committee and announced a resolution providing for more money. Senator Borah, another "dry," in several pronouncements vigorously attacked the Government for lax enforcement. Senator Brookhart, a "dry," called for the removal of Secretary Mellon and Assistant Secretaries Mills and Lowman and Prohibition Enforcement Director Doran. Senator Jones, after seeing the President, announced that the report of the Law Enforcement Committee would not involve the question of principle but merely means for better enforcement. Attorney-General Mitchell vigorously attacked Borah and blamed Congress for the failure in enforcement. He also ordered all Federal district attorneys not to drop any liquor case without first referring it to Washington. Meanwhile, three unarmed smugglers were killed by coast-guard boats off Newport, R. I. The Prohibitionists were divided; some took the old line of declaring that all is well, others demanded better enforcement. Both were apparently moved by the fear that the Law Enforcement Committee would recommend a relaxation of the law as the best means of enforcement. President Hoover announced that the preliminary report of the Committee would be forthcoming

shortly. A vigorous debate in Congress was forecast.

The Interstate Commerce Commission published its report on railroad mergers on December 21. The Commission enumerated nineteen groups into which it would assemble the railroads of the United States. It had been specifically asked by Congress to make this report in spite of its repeated protests. The report met a mixed reception. Opinion in the East generally was unfavorable and in the West fairly favorable. Congress was expected to consider the needed legislation.

On Christmas Eve, after business hours, a fire broke out in the White House offices and the interior of the building was destroyed by flame and water. The President was forced to move his offices to the State War and Navy Building and the White House offices will have to be rebuilt.

—The President occasioned much surprise in diplomatic circles by returning in person the visit of President-elect Ortiz Rubio of Mexico and by making another visit of farewell. The purpose was to show our friendship for Mexico. Its effect was thought likely to be to strengthen American influence there.—The Treasury Department on December 30 announced a refund of \$190,164,359 in income and corporation taxes. The Carnegie Steel Company and the Waldorf Astor estate were the largest beneficiaries.

Austria.—Msgr. Ignaz Seipel, former Chancellor of Austria, denied the report that he had met and conferred with the former Empress Zita, but made it perfectly clear, in his usual frank and honest way, that he was deterred from seeking an audience with the former Empress only on account of political expediency. It would have given the wrong impression, he stated, at the very moment when Austrian Catholics were demanding an investigation of the legitimacy of the confiscation of Hapsburg property, which has no connection with the question of constitutional change and is supported by earnest republicans as well as monarchists. "Otherwise," added Msgr. Seipel, "I would have been as little averse from requesting an audience as I was from visiting Prangins in 1920, when the venerated Emperor wished to speak with me." The political opponents of the former Chancellor attempted to interpret this simple avowal in the colors of their own prejudices.

Brazil.—Deputy Souza Filho, leading spokesman of the Government party, was shot and fatally wounded by

Deputy Simoes Lopes, on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies, in Rio Janeiro, on December 28. Simoes Lopes and his son, Luiz, surrendered to the police. Souza Filho was forty-two years old. He had represented the State of Pernambuco in four legislatures. Rivalry had been keen between the Government party, backing Julio Prestes, Governor of the State of Sao Paulo, to succeed Washington Luis, the present President, and the Liberal Alliance, with Getulio Vargas as a candidate, of which Simoes Lopes was a member.

China.—The long-expected action of the Nanking Government on extraterritoriality was announced on December 28, when a mandate was published fixing January 1, 1930, as the date on which all foreign judicial privileges were to end and foreigners were to be subject hereafter to Chinese laws, a new code of which was forecast. The decree affected twenty-one nations of which a few had already renounced their rights. Great Britain agreed to January 1 as the date on which "gradual abolition of privileges began in principle." The other nations adopted an attitude of protest.

Egypt.—Following the sweeping victory of the Wafdist, or extreme Nationalist party, at the election terminating the Dictatorship, Mustapha Nahash Pasha was invited by King Fuad to form a Cabinet. He succeeded Adly Pasha, who had acted as temporary Premier since the resignation of Mahmoud Pasha in October. The most important issue before the new Ministry was that of the draft of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty drawn up last summer by Arthur Henderson, Foreign Minister in the British Labor Cabinet, and Mahmoud Pasha. The acceptance of the treaty by the new Wafdist Government was not regarded as likely. The Lords censured the treaty.

France.—Before the January recess, the Chamber of Deputies gave Premier Tardieu a strong vote of confidence, virtually an endorsement of the Briand foreign policies for the conferences at London and The Hague. The Left parties abstained from voting, and the count stood 342 to 17. Prior to the vote, several Deputies of the Right and Independent groups spoke against Rhineland evacuation and one even quoted a memorandum of Marshal Foch in support of their position, but the Premier's reply, in which he assured them that the Government had ample guarantees of security and peace, adding that Foch's views had changed, won the support of a strong majority.

India.—Amid scenes of turbulence, the All-India National Congress assembled at Lahore on December 29. Reports prior to the meeting indicated that the Congress would demand complete independence immediately, and, as a means towards that, would inaugurate a campaign of "civic disobedience" on January 1. The results of the

Congress did not reach that far. Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, president of the Congress, in his opening address, declared that the single aim of the assembly was "complete freedom from British domination and from British imperialism." The Executive Committee, likewise, declared for complete independence as against the acceptance of Dominion status. Mahatma Gandhi's resolution, which was accepted by the Congress, modified these pronouncements; or rather, explained them, for both the other Nationalist leaders, Jawaharlal Nehru and his brother, Motilal, were in agreement. The Gandhi plan favored complete independence for India, but in a gradual progressive method; though it opposed Dominion status, it would admit it as an evolutionary stage. Gandhi advocated non-cooperative measures, such as the refusal to attend the round-table conference to be held in London between Indian leaders and the British Government officials, the boycott of the Central and Provincial Indian legislative bodies, and the non-payment of taxes. The resolution was carried with but six dissentient votes. Nevertheless, there was much disagreement shown by groups; for example, the Bengal Home party withdrew at the opening of the Congress, and a new extreme Nationalist party broke away after the Gandhi resolution was passed. The Sikhs, to the number of about 10,000, rode to Lahore and staged demonstrations. They refused to enter the Congress except on their own terms of representation; despite the efforts of Mahatma Gandhi, they remained obdurate, and their demands were rejected by the Congress. The attendance at the Congress was variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000 delegates and followers. The British officials, both in India and London, looked upon the Congress with grave fears. But the English newspapers inclined to the view that the Congress represented only a minor portion of the inhabitants, the active radicals, and that the majority could not be roused to revolutionary fervor.

Italy.—The capital was astir during the holidays in preparation for the festivities attendant on the wedding of Crown Prince Humbert and Princess Marie Jose of Belgium, in the Pauline Chapel of the Quirinal Palace on January 8. A series of banquets and receptions was planned, extending from January 5 to 10, at which the visiting royalty, the diplomatic corps, the nobility and Government officials of Italy would be presented to the Prince and his bride. Streets, stores and houses were gaily decorated, and throngs of visitors from all parts of Italy were coming to the city to take part in the popular celebration.

Poland.—Poland entered upon the New Year by swearing in the new Cabinet. Professor Casimir Bartel, after a respite of eight months, was returned to power and the "Colonels" were ordered by Marshal Pilsudski to withdraw. The Marshal still retained his position as virtual head of the Government. Premier Bartel's Cabinet introduced only four new Ministers: Henry Jozefski, as

Extra-Territoriality Ended

Wafdist Ministry

Vote on Foreign Policies

Prepare for Royal Wedding

New Cabinet

National Congress

Minister of the Interior; Felix Dutkiewicz, as Minister of Justice; Max Matakiewicz, as Minister of Public Works; Wiktor Lesniewski, as Minister of Agriculture. These changes were necessary concessions to the Opposition which attacked the four excluded Ministers. The Colonels group was somewhat placated when Colonel Aleksander Prystol was retained as Minister of Labor in the Bartel Cabinet. The Sejm showed a willingness to cooperate with the Government in the enactment of constitutional reforms and a political truce was expected for the New Year.—A treaty of commerce which accorded Poland the treatment of a most favored nation was signed on December 28, between Portugal and Poland.

Spain.—In a signed article in the Madrid *A. B. C.* on December 29, Premier de Rivera stated that need had arisen to change Spain's form of government during the coming year, by establishing a transitional administration which would carry on till the inauguration of the projected new Constitution. He gave no details of the new plan, but declared that the King was studying them and would disclose them in due time. He added that the new regime would be radically different from the present one.

Vatican City.—Three days after the Encyclical "Mens Nostra" of December 20, on Catholic Action and the Spiritual Exercises, the Pope issued another, "Quinquagesimo Anno," in which he reviewed the progress of the Church in 1929. He voiced his joy at the happy settlement of the Roman Question, adding that, having secured the essential recognition of his sovereignty and independence, he had been as liberal as possible in matters of detail. He stated again that both the Lateran Treaty and the Concordat with Italy "originate from the same fundamental principle, and must be considered to form an inseparable whole, and they either both stand or both fall together." The settlements with Portugal, Rumania, and Prussia were further causes of joy. He deplored the continued persecution in Russia, and saw room for hope of peace in Mexico. The expanding of national seminaries in Rome brought satisfaction, as did the closer ties with the Oriental Church. After enumerating the noteworthy anniversaries of the past year, the beatifications held, and the pilgrimages witnessed, the Holy Father extended the Jubilee to June, 1930.—Unconfirmed reports in the secular press forecast the early retirement of Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, and named Cardinal Pacelli, former Nuncio at Berlin, as his successor.

Disarmament.—The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs issued for the public on December 26 the memorandum which it sent last week to the other Powers to be represented at the coming naval conference in London. The following points were emphasized: (1) The London Conference should reach an agreement "primarily on principles and methods." (2) The Kellogg treaty offers too little security to serve as a satisfactory basis, being itself

"based on the force of public opinion which is great, but its rational application is not yet organized." (3) Freedom of the seas must be defined. (4) Reduction should be based on Article VIII of the League Covenant, and not on mathematical ratios such as those of the Washington Conference. (5) Total tonnage (800,000 for cruisers) was reported as the French demand, though admitting flexible categories within the total; and the linking of sea, air and land disarmament was also prescribed. Italy was said to agree in the main with the French principles, though, of course, differing widely as to their application. Spain, it was reported, would propose the internationalization of Gibraltar as a condition for a Mediterranean agreement.

Reparations Question.—Negotiations for a special agreement between Germany and the United States for the payment of Germany's reparation debt were concluded at the Foreign Office in Berlin on December 28 by Dr. Ritter, representing Germany, and Edwin C. Wilson, representing the United States. Germany agreed to pay directly to the American Government the annuities allocated to the United States by the experts' plan of June 7, 1929; the agreement to go into force when the Young plan becomes effective. About ten per cent of the total American claims (\$350,000,000) against the German Government was scaled down and an extension of time offered.

Chronicle for 1929

(Continued from last week's issue)

Disarmament.—Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and the United States issued publicity as to their attitude for the naval disarmament conference agreed on for January 20, in London. Great Britain and the United States agreed on the principle of parity, discrepancies to be reduced by the "yardstick" method of combat values. Italy claimed, and France rejected, (save for the Mediterranean fleets), the parity idea, preferring special security needs as a basis of reckoning. Japan demanded a higher ratio (seventy per cent), for auxiliary craft than she had obtained for battleships at the Washington Conference of 1921. France and Japan clung to the submarine. British pronouncements at Christmas scouted the idea of basing a naval agreement on the Kellogg treaty.

League of Nations.—World Court developments, the minorities question, peace programs and European union featured the League's tenth year of existence. The formula for United States entry into the Court was composed by Elihu Root, who took his place as its American member on January 7. In lieu of the rejected American reservations to the Court, it allows American objections the same force as would attach to the vote of a League member, with the privilege of friendly withdrawal. After passing the committee of jurists on March 18, it was unanimously accepted by the Court on September 5; the

World
Court

French
Position

process culminating in the signing of the three Court protocols by the United States on December 9. The Optional Clause of the World Court protocol, agreeing to compulsory arbitration, was signed by France, Czechoslovakia, Italy and the Irish Free State, and, with reservations, by Great Britain and the other Dominions. Amendments to the League Covenant, adjusting it to the World Court and Kellogg treaty, were proposed by Sir Cecil Hurst of Great Britain.

Immediately after the opening of the fifty-fourth Council meeting in Geneva on March 4, Dr. Stresemann, of Germany—whose untimely death was regarded as a serious loss to the League—spoke strongly on the sacred rights of minorities, and, with Canadian support, recommended a minorities commission. At the Madrid meeting of the Council, opening June 5, where Sir Austen Chamberlain was no longer present, the handling of minority grievances was discussed. A report was drawn up providing for the reception and examination of complaints, and the composition of minorities committees.

The Preparatory Disarmament Commission, which assembled April 15, discussed German, as well as Soviet and Socialist disarmament proposals. The advocacy by the United States of general arms reduction and our withdrawal of objections to trained reserves won widespread approval. Premier MacDonald created enthusiasm by announcing his peace policy based on the Kellogg treaty. M. Briand spoke with favorable reception for his plan of European union, disclaiming any spirit of opposition to European countries. Dr. Stresemann insisted on the return of the Sarre to Germany. Before the close of the Assembly on September 5 an elaborate debate took place on the inter-relationship of naval and land forces, the upshot being a general understanding that neither could be considered without the other.

Reparations Question.—The final liquidation of the Central Powers' obligations brought violent clashes, with equally striking agreements. Out of the Paris meeting of experts that opened February 11 came, first, Owen D. Young's plan of an international bank as a trustee to handle the German payments. With the division of these into conditional and unconditional, came stubborn resistance on the part of Dr. Schacht, the German representative. He would agree only to about two thirds of the amount demanded by the Allied memorandum of April 12. The loss of the former Dawes-plan clause protecting Germany against ruinous transfer of gold, overmatched any reductions. Mr. Young offered a compromise. The Germans stuck at the increase that the Allies still insisted upon in the unconditional part of the annuities, and at the time overlapping of the old and new "plans." Finally on June 7 a complete agreement on amounts and conditions for payments was concluded to be referred to the respective Governments. German annuities were fixed in number and amount; appeals and safeguards established, and mobilization provided for.

Compared with the Dawes plan, the total was reduced from 132,000,000,000 to about 24,000,000,000 marks. A slight alleviation for American occupation and mixed claims was offered on May 19 by the United States. An accord was reached on the substitution during the World War of German marks for Belgian francs.

After considerable dispute had occurred as to location, the political conference on the Young plan opened at The Hague on August 6. Philip Snowden represented the British Labor Government's objections to the Young plan's dispositions as to conditional and unconditional payments, changes in the percentages agreed on at Spain 1920, and German payments in kind. After the first shock, attempts were made by the other Allies to find the small amount necessary to meet the British complaints, so that on August 28 Mr. Snowden, by means of various cuts and adjustments between the Powers, was given about all he hoped for; and the conference adjourned harmoniously on August 31.

Assembling at Baden Baden on October 7, with Messrs. Traylor and Reynolds for the United States, the Organization Committee of the proposed Bank for International Settlements, despite formal Belgian protests, finally agreed to recommend the locating of the Bank at Basel in Switzerland. Disagreements as to the Bank's competence, the distribution of annuities, safeguards, etc., were, after considerable deadlock, referred back to the Governments for further discussion. Great Britain and France approved the draft on November 14. An independent accord between the United States and Germany was submitted in Berlin. The Nationalist plans to wreck the acceptance of the Young plan in Germany collapsed December 22; but Dr. Schacht protested strongly against any payments in excess thereof. The year closed with the question of Eastern European reparations still in a deadlock, owing to Hungary's refusal to agree to liquidations proposed by her neighbors, involving the Treaty of Trianon.

Next week, Irving T. McDonald, known for his novels of college life, will take advantage of the revelations of Carnegie Bulletin 23 on Athletics to outline plans for "The Greater American College."

Maud Hart Lovelace, whose novel "Early Candlelight" was such a fine piece of work, will contribute a moving account of an early pioneer of Minnesota in "A Face in the Crowd."

Hilaire Belloc, who now contributes regularly to these pages, will write in his next week's piece on "The Beauty of Cracow."

George Solus has discovered that the Mayor of Washington, D.C., is the President himself. He will tell how the Mayor and his board of Aldermen, the Congress, can administer law in their town, and how they do.

In a second instalment of his article in this issue, Dr. Maurice S. Sheehy will write next week on "The Pre-eminently Catholic College."

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Divorce While You Wait

IN his review of the year in sociology, published last week in AMERICA, the Rev. Philip H. Burkett, S.J., wrote that it would not be long before marriage as a permanent union will have ceased to exist, except among believers in the authority of Christ. Marriages were fewer in this country in 1928 by 18,556, but divorces increased by 3,902. About forty years ago, there was but one divorce for every 17 marriages. In 1906, the rate was one for every 12, and in 1928 one divorce for every 6 marriages.

Time was in this country when the courts recognized but one cause for legal divorce. But it is absurd to open a floodgate, and expect to escape the flood. Year by year, clever lawyers have discovered new "causes," and complaisant or ignorant legislatures have sanctioned them, until at the present time it may be said that no one need recognize even the legal consequences of the bond, if his financial condition enables him to retain a lawyer. South Carolina is the one State which permits no divorce. At the other end of the scale, sunk in its degradation, is Nevada, which encourages divorce as a profitable business. Between them, the other forty-six States manage to find nearly sixty "causes" for divorce. Illinois is not particularly lax in this respect, but Chicago last year had 9,669 divorces, or about one for every 103 families, an increase of about two per cent over the preceding year. Eighty per cent of the couples seeking divorce had no children, but as the result of the year in Chicago, 5,793 children are either in institutions or in broken homes. In the picturesque language of a reporter for the Chicago Tribune, the courts granted a divorce every fifty-five minutes during the time they sat.

Well may we ask, even those who hold the right of the State to dissolve the marriage bond, where all this is to end. While it is true that the State may, for particular

cases carefully verified, allow a separation from bed and board, the effects of which are purely legal, the use of this power should be curbed rather than extended. For, ultimately, the existence and the welfare of the State itself depend upon the existence of the home. Hence sane public policy demands that not even legal separations should be encouraged, but, rather, that the State should use all its power to destroy or minimize the social and economic conditions which induce men and women to seek them.

Not wider facilities for divorce, but closer examination of parties applying for a marriage license, should be instituted by the State. For years, social workers, irrespective of religious creed, have pointed out the fatal results of granting the license, to take effect at once, to practically every applicant. Some States have heeded the warning by establishing a requirement approaching the Catholic practice of calling the banns, but these States are few. In the absence of respect for religion among the majority of our people, divorce will continue. But what the State can do to check this devastating plague, it should do.

The Mandatory Life Sentence

ANY supposed connection between the prison riots at Auburn and the mandatory life sentences imposed under the Baumes legislation has been refuted by the Governor's investigation. The investigation seems to show that too much liberty, rather than too much severity, paved the way for the recent outbreaks in the New York penitentiary.

No valid indictment of the Baumes criminal code can be based as yet on its supposed tendency to break down prison discipline. Were a majority, or even a considerable proportion, of the State's prisoners serving life sentences made mandatory by it, we might well look for continual rebellion in the penitentiaries. This, however, is not the case, nor is it probable that the legislation will at any time be applied with an extreme degree of rigor.

It seems to us, however, that mandatory legislation of this kind will fail to achieve the desirable end which Senator Baumes had in mind. Crime is not checked, as experience has shown, by extreme penalties occasionally inflicted, but by the speedy and certain imposition of a punishment in proportion to the offense. The Baumes legislation, as Dr. Fabian Franklin has written, is a mechanical rule which, in the case of a fourth conviction for felony, withdraws all discretion from the courts, and so "precludes the intervention either of ordinary human justice or of ordinary human feeling between the victim and his doom." No doubt in many cases, perhaps even in most, the fourth offender is beyond the power of reclamation by any means which may be afforded by the law. But reasonable standards of justice and of humanity demand that the courts be allowed to deal with the ten or twenty per cent who can be reformed, in a manner which will accomplish that end. If the courts which are vested with the power of imposing so grave a sentence as imprisonment for life, cannot also be trusted

with the right to suspend or diminish that penalty, for the better attainment of the ends of justice, then the welfare of the community is seriously imperiled, and its defense is to be sought not in new and more rigid legislation, but in better courts.

Too much of our legislation, intended in all good faith to protect the community against the criminal, is like a violent blow struck wildly in the dark. It may demolish the criminal, and it may miss him, and thereafter the power which launched it sinks to rest. Juries are loath to convict when they know that conviction carries a life term for an offense usually punished by a sentence of a few years; they usually agree that it is better to be wrong with mercy than right with the letter of the law. That they should be forced to choose between two evils does not augur well for the attainment of any end contemplated by the State.

John Carroll University

TOWARD the middle of December the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland, in a Pastoral to his people, wrote that he was perfecting a plan "of unifying and strengthening all our higher schools of learning through the establishment of a Catholic Educational Corporation of the Diocese of Cleveland, under the general leadership of John Carroll University." The Bishop observed that a Catholic university was of even greater importance for intellectual leadership in Church and State than a Catholic hospital for Catholic life.

John Carroll University, formerly St. Ignatius College, had "served the Diocese well in the past," but the time was at hand for an expansion and strengthening of the educational facilities which it had long and successfully maintained. The clergy of the diocese had agreed to cooperate with a plan to create an endowment fund for the University, and this action the Bishop heartily approved. "While it is true that John Carroll University is operated by the Jesuits," wrote Bishop Schrembs, "it is clearly a public Catholic institution of higher learning in whose benefits we all share, and for the maintenance of which my conscience as Bishop, and the conscience of every priest and layman, is burdened." For, as the Bishop observes, the Canon Law fixes "definitely and clearly our joint obligation—Bishop, clergy and Faithful—effectively to see to it that such schools of higher learning shall be provided and maintained."

Speaking with all deference, it seems to us that the broad vision of the Bishop of Cleveland has discovered the solution of a very difficult problem. For a number of years the financial difficulties of a majority of our colleges have been acute. To carry on the old program unchanged was not impossible, but this meant that large numbers of students could not be received, for actual want of buildings in which to house them. Further, it cut off all normal expansion, and an institution which does not grow normally verges on the peril of extinction. In the case of the universities, lack of financial support threatened to make it impossible to hold the

ground gained by years of unflagging, heroic work.

Whether a Catholic college or university is conducted by the diocesan clergy or by the members of a Religious Order does not affect the obligation incumbent upon all Catholics, as Bishop Schrembs notes, to give it their financial support. The one point of importance, and the only point that is pertinent, is that the institution be approved as Catholic by the ecclesiastical authorities. We have not entered upon the stage of adequate endowments provided by opulent founders, and whether that time will ever come in this country is highly dubious. In any case, there is no escape from the conclusion that if our colleges and universities ever make the progress demanded by the needs of the educational day, it will be when people, priests and Bishops unite in their support.

The cause is too great and too holy to admit of any distinction between layman and layman, priest and priest. The Catholic college is a source of power and inspiration to the whole Catholic people, second only to that derived from the ministry of the word and of the Sacraments in our parish churches. As such, they should be given the aid of all our people. In his letter calling for support for John Carroll University, and for the Seminary and the colleges for women soon to be allied with it, the Bishop of Cleveland has begun a plan which, in our judgment, must be ranked with the greatest contributions to Catholic education of the last one hundred years.

Skyscrapers and Good Books

IN his preface to Henry Adams' "Democracy," Mr. Henry Holt gives one reason why we have more skyscrapers in this country than scholars, and why our best books are bankbooks. The respectable old colleges, he writes, now have more students of cookery, commerce, and engineering than of the humanities. Latin and Greek, old bronzes and the Romance languages, literature, philosophy, and the history of dead peoples, do not appeal to the youth who goes to college to learn how to make a comfortable living. In response to his wishes our colleges, like Bottom, are translated.

Yet upon a familiarity with the humanities, continues Mr. Holt, "the production of a good literature largely depends."

His admonition is as the crackling of thorns. We have forgotten precisely how many billions were added to the country's wealth in 1929, and the Administration reports that people spent more money last Christmas than at any Christmas under Democratic misrule. The Woolworth Building, once our chief contribution to art and literature, is now dwarfed by three larger structures, two of them nearly completed. Indeed, Mr. Alfred E. Smith proposes to add a landing net for aircraft, as we understand it, 600 feet above his 1,106-foot Empire State Building; and we have been informed by one of our leading engineers that a new form of structural steel will soon make possible, provided that capital can be "interested," the erection of tower buildings one mile high.

How can we who have no time to read literature be asked to find time to make it? Necessarily, our "literary

output" is low. But there are more tall tower buildings in a mile of Manhattan streets than on the whole continent of Europe.

A Decade of Prohibition

WRITING to the *New York Times* some weeks ago, Mr. Henry W. Jesup admits that he was never in a saloon in all his life.

Time was, and may yet be, when an ex-drunkard was eagerly sought as an exhibit on the Prohibition platform, and as an exhorter. The theory was, presumably, that a brand from the burning ought to know all about furnaces. Mr. Jesup cannot qualify as a brand or as an exhibit. But that may not be necessary, since he regards our decade of Prohibition with no friendly eye. For all his disqualifications, however, Mr. Jesup scores a point when he observes that the unwillingness of men in public life and in the professions to discuss this great moral experiment openly and honestly, makes it difficult to solve the problems which Prohibition has raised.

The position of the Prohibitionists appears to be this: the Volstead Act is final and irreformable. It must be obeyed unhesitatingly and completely. To hint a doubt is disloyalty, and to question its wisdom is nullification.

The accuracy of this statement is borne out, we think, by the protest which Senator Harris, of Georgia, carried to the President, when Judge McCormick commented unfavorably on the methods of enforcement used in some cases by the Government. Other evidence is furnished by that ardent dry, Senator Borah, who in his statement of December 23, argued that the only duty of the Government is to enforce the Volstead Act in all its clauses to the bitter end.

Now this position ascribes to the Volstead legislation a wisdom and a sense of justice rarely found in the work of any body of men. Even the President of the United States falls under its spell when he recommends the States to adopt legislation to enforce the Volstead Act. It is perfectly proper for the President to suggest legislation to Congress, but the Constitution nowhere suggests that the President has the right or the duty to recommend legislation to the States. On the contrary, the political philosophy of that document makes such action highly improper. This tendency to look upon the sovereign States as mere departments, subject to the will of the Federal Government, is not the least of the grave evils which have been promoted by Prohibition.

We are well aware that every movement has its lunatic fringe, as Theodore Roosevelt used to say, and we willingly make allowance for it. But there are times when the whole fabric of this Prohibition drive appears to be fringe. This Review can sympathize with Mr. Jesup when he writes: "I have ample reason to know that the assertion of a constitutional principle of reform in respect to the administration of justice, can expose a man to more forms of abuse and vilification than almost any other activity in support of his conscience." The Editors of this Review cannot say that they have suffered from "the virulent letters of abuse," to which Mr. Jesup

refers; they have been grieved, rather, that their correspondents were capable of falling to such low levels of scurrility. But the complete inability of so many Prohibitionists to understand how any man, who opposes Mr. Volstead's legislation, can fail to be a person of depraved appetites, is characteristic of the lack of wisdom, and even of common sense, that has marked the entire movement.

Prohibitionists are willing to put up with, and to protect, gentlemen who are wet, very wet, in their private lives, provided that they are dry, very dry, in their public activities. But let no man who bans both Mr. Volstead and the intemperate use of liquor hope for mercy. Precisely how an experiment in morals can be promoted by such means, is one of the many problems yet to be solved. To many, these tactics appear to promote hypocrisy and corruption in public life, rather than temperance, respect for authority, or any desirable end.

On the tenth anniversary of the Volstead Act, we find the liquor traffic in the hands of rascals, as Chief Justice Taft predicted years ago, intemperance rampant among our young people, our jails filled to overflowing, so that one out of every thousand Americans is in penal servitude, the crime record more outrageous than at any time in our history, corruption rife among political officials, and a group of Prohibitionists assuring us that all is well. We may be pardoned if we turn from this scene sick at heart.

We shall do our part, as conscience dictates, to effect the changes in this legislation which will minimize or destroy these fearful conditions. It must be confessed that we see no aid at present in Congress or in our State legislatures, but reform will come if we courageously keep up the fight. In the meantime, a ray of light is shed by the voluntary total abstinence and temperance societies in our schools and colleges. Never were they more sorely needed—and this after ten years of an intensive campaign for Prohibition supported by the authority of the Federal Government and of more than forty States!

Why Seven Per Cent?

ONLY a small minority in this country need lose sleep about the return on their invested funds. Most of us have none. It would seem, then, that only the capitalist should be concerned with the operations of the State and Federal rate-fixing bodies. But this is a grave error, for the return allowed on capital invested in a public-utility corporation, is paid by the public. Few of us are so obscure as to be unable to qualify as one of the mob.

Public-utility rates should be high enough to maintain stability, under honest and competent management, and low enough to be of real service to the public. The guaranteed rate, which no strictly private investment has, is a gift from the public, and should be so counted by the rate-fixing commissions. Four per cent guaranteed is better than eight per cent on a hazard. Just why a guarantee seven or eight per cent is generally allowed, is one of those problems which our benign Government has not thought fit to explain.

What Did Doctor Osborn Retract?

FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE, S.J.

JUST a year ago (January, 1929), Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, wrote an article entitled "Is the Ape-Man a Myth?" This was article 1, in number 1 of volume I of the new quarterly *Human Biology*. Prior to that date for over two years there had been internal strife over this matter among the evolutionists with Dr. Osborn leading one group and Dr. W. K. Gregory the other. The man-in-the-street was not much disturbed by all the ink that had been spilled, until the New York *Sun* came out with an article on December 10, 1929, one year after the article in *Human Biology* and two years, seven months after Osborn's speech before the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia, April 29, 1927 (*Science*, May 20, 1927, pp. 481-488). Again, a few weeks ago, much more notoriety was gained by Dr. Osborn when on December 27, as their out-going President, he repeated his rejection of the ape-man theory before the scientists assembled in Des Moines for the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Gregory, in his address before the Medical Society of the County of Kings, succinctly stated what seems to have motivated Osborn's retraction (*Science*, June 24, 1927, p. 601, col. 2):

To speak about phobias in a society that includes so many distinguished psychiatrists may seem like carrying coals to Newcastle. Nevertheless I beg your indulgence for describing a new kind of phobia which is now widely prevalent among the American public. It may be named pithecophobia, or the dread of apes—especially the dread of apes as relatives or ancestors. . . .

Dr. Osborn and I are now trying out rival prophylactic and therapeutic measures upon our patients. My method, in a word, is to inoculate the patient with the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. Professor Osborn's method is to remove the cause—by abolishing the apes, or rather by disproving their claims to close physical and mental kinship with us. In this way sensitive souls may be able to hear the word *gorilla* without shuddering.

Hence, it was to get away from the bar sinister of the ape that Osborn retracted, and it does look as if "the wish was father to the thought." But precisely just what did he retract? The answer is important.

Osborn had once believed absolutely in an ape-man ancestry of man and was loud in his denunciations of any non-scientist who dared point out the inconclusiveness of his evidence. Let him tell the story himself (*Human Biology*, 1. c., p. 4):

In fact my implicit faith in the ape-man theory reached its culminating point in a series of superb papers before the New York Academy of Sciences, by Gregory on the teeth, by Morton on the foot, by Tilney on the brain and by McGregor on the general anatomy, which, combined, seemed to entrench Darwin's hypothesis of 1871 beyond the possibility of a doubt.

But he had a few misgivings even then (pp. 4-5):

The only misgivings I had at the time were those of the human paleontologist closely familiar with all the anatomical details of discovery during or even prior to the Old Stone Age. These misgivings arose from two indisputable facts: first, that

the limb proportions of all the primordial races of man—the Trinit, the Neanderthal, the Cro-Magnon—had not revealed a trace of ape-ancestry; they were one-hundred-per-cent pro-human. . . .

The second line of misgivings arose through the direct and indirect evidence afforded by the fossil hands of two finely preserved specimens of the Neanderthal race. Those hands were one-hundred-per-cent human.

(Others of us, too, had serious misgivings, very serious ones, but, of course, not being paleontologists "closely familiar with all the anatomical details" and being unwitting enough to face squarely "two [and many more] indisputable facts," we were pooh-poohed out of the court.)

Osborn tells us that the first big blow came from the discovery of the sub-Red-Crag flints which were and are supposed by some to be artefacts, i.e., humanly made. What an admission! Flints presumably hand-made, cause to totter a *presumable* ape-man!

But there was worse to come and more of it. In 1924, Osborn took a trip into the Gobi desert. He says (p. 6):

Carefully trained to observe and to reconstruct past conditions from geological and paleontological data, rapidly traversing in the course of ten days five or six hundred miles of the now bare and desert but formerly hospitable country, I suddenly found myself forming an entirely new concept of human origin.

Having stated that "an ancestral form must have one hundred per cent of the characteristics and potentialities of development which are observed in its descendant," he says (pp. 7-8): "Put to this acid test, no form of ape, living or fossil, nor any kind of ape specialized to the tree-living, brachiating [branch-swinging] habit" does possess the one hundred per cent needed. Hence he concludes (p. 8):

I have finally come to the conclusion that the ape-man is a myth, that all the evidence along so many lines of comparative anatomy, of physiology, of biochemistry, of psychology, of reproduction, are instances either of a prolonged common inheritance of characteristics distinctive of all the *Primates* or of parallelisms and analogies of adaptation due to the common possession by man, certain of the monkeys and all the anthropoid apes, of certain family and social characteristics and traits. Many of the resemblances that have been pointed out as proofs of direct ancestry of man and the anthropoid ape stock are simply proofs of common inheritance and of originally close kinship.

There we have it. Osborn has *not* retracted the animal ancestry of man; he does conclude that the common forebears of apes and man are much further back. What may probably mislead some is a sentence from Dr. Osborn's "Evolution and Religion" (ch. vii, p. 136, published in 1926): "These animals [the apes] constitute a separate branch of the great division of primates, not only inferior to the *Hominidae* but totally disconnected from the human family from its earliest infancy." That is frankly misleading since the ancestor-to-the-*n*th-power of man and the ancestor-to-the-*n*th-power of the apes were, according to Osborn, both children of the same common parent.

Of course his views were not accepted meekly by other scientists, and he has found a doughty opponent in his

friend and colleague, W. K. Gregory, who has written article after article on his side of the question. This fight within the evolutionists' own house has been re-echoing up and down the scientific magazine field ever since Dr. Osborn's talk in Peking, 1924, and very loudly so since his Philadelphia speech in 1927.

Here is where matters stand. Gregory with his followers and Osborn with his followers are both evolutionists, both believe in the animal evolution of man, both hold that the apes and man had a common ancestor. Osborn holds that man and the apes have descended from a "neutral" group of ground-living primates (Anthropoidea) of the Oligocene (or maybe Eocene) period; Gregory holds that man and the apes descended from a tree-living, ape-like stock of the more recent period called Miocene.

To quote one single contradicting statement. Gregory thus concluded his address, quoted before (*Science*, p. 605, col. 1):

Refusing to accept even the paleontologic record so far as it is known, disregarding the cogent and direct evidence of comparative anatomy, many paleontologists do not hesitate to extend to man supposed laws of evolution deduced from the study of orders of mammals which in their entire organization and history stand in wide contrast to the primates. From such analogies has been conjured the Eocene Dawn Man—a colossal anachronism some forty million years ahead of his time in the world's history.

In concluding, it may be well to sound a note of warning. When one writes on Evolution, especially if one be a Catholic, the greatest care should be taken to ascertain *exactly what was said and the sense in which it was said*. Gregory wrote (*Bicentenary Number of the American Philosophical Society*, 1927, vol. LXVI, pp. 451-2):

Anti-evolutionists of all schools are doubtless rejoicing in the fact that Professor Osborn has repudiated man's descent from apes and has brought forward with all the authority of his name some of the very points which they have long been stressing. But their exuberance will be dampened somewhat when they realize that Professor Osborn, like Professor Wood Jones, separates man from the anthropoids only in order to derive him eventually from a *far lower* branch of the primate stock. Professor Osborn goes even lower down the tree than does Professor Wood Jones, since he suggests the possibility of man's derivation from some form like *Notharctus* of the Lower and Middle Eocene of North America.

Osborn himself is reported in an Associated Press dispatch (*New York World*, December 28) as saying in his Des Moines address:

I believe in the evolution of man, but I do not believe he came from the apes. He came along a path of his own and never passed through the ape stage. The human stock separated from the other animals when the first great plateaus appeared on earth. . . . I am not ignoring the overwhelming evidence of a remote community origin between man and the anthropoid ape. I am combating the special feature of the Lamarck-Darwin hypothesis that man ever passed into highly specialized arboreal adaptations attained by the Miocene apes.

The evolutionists are shifting and retracting their positions constantly, and there is a capital enough chance to use their retractions, but one must not use them awry. Osborn, therefore, has retracted, but he has retracted only a *near* relationship of man and the ape, and only a *near* common ancestor. He has retracted neither the *animal* ancestry of man nor a *far-away* common ancestor.

Why Did the English Martyrs Die?

HILAIRE BELLOC

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LADY CATHERINE ASHBURNHAM has recently collected and published in a book of the greatest value to historians what she has called "The Witness of the Martyrs." It is a number of the pronouncements made for the most part from the scaffold itself, by the men, nearly all of them priests (but a few laymen), who were put to death for treason between the later part of Queen Elizabeth's reign and the later part of the seventeenth century: over a period of about a hundred years. The book is published in England by Messrs. Sheed and Ward.

As I read the fine matter of this book, the noble declarations of Faith, I could not but wish that all were familiar with it.

For it has always seemed to me that in this matter of the English martyrs Catholics still suffer from a certain number of misconceptions. In the first place, because we are eager to show that the martyrs, put to death for so-called treason, were not traitors at all, but singularly loyal to their country, we tend to accept the theory of our opponents; that is, the theory that loyalty to England was the same thing as loyalty to the Government of the moment. That seems to me unhistorical. It does not correspond to the realities of the time. The Government was not England; it was not the monarch. It was a small usurping clique headed by the Cecils, at first—for at least twenty years—very unpopular and acting in opposition to the people; and even later when a new generation had begun to grow up not commanding the sympathies of the majority.

When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne she was certainly regarded by the mass of the English people as the natural heir. The young woman was a Tudor. She was illegitimate even by the Statute Law of the country. She was, of course, illegitimate by what every one in Europe then regarded as the moral law affecting all Christians. Her father had not been married to her mother in any lawful fashion. When she was born her father's legitimate wife was still alive. Further, that father himself had had her declared illegitimate by an Act of Parliament. But she was a Tudor, she belonged to the family which had been on the throne for seventy years, and whom no one but the very oldest people could remember not reigning and she had been in the public eye for a good twenty years.

The legitimate Queen of England was Mary Stuart. But Mary Stuart was a foreigner, she had been brought up in France and was half French by blood, she was Scottish and Scotland was the enemy of England. Moreover, Elizabeth had been left the throne by her father in his will (a doubtful document, but undisputed) and that will had been made law. Altogether, Elizabeth was the actual and accepted Queen.

But Elizabeth did not govern. All during the main part of her reign it was William Cecil who really governed England, and, in the last part of her reign, it was his son Robert who really governed England. If Eliza-

beth had had her own way, which she was never allowed to have, she would have sent her Bishops to the Council of Trent, she would have received a Papal Nuncio, and she would probably have brought back England—after long negotiation—into the general civilization of Europe. But those who really governed thought it a matter of life and death to themselves to prevent any such thing.

In all the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign up to the Great Catholic Rebellion against Cecil in 1569, those who withstood the Government and proposed to restore the national religion committed no treason against England. It was rather the other way. The real traitors to the traditional English state and to English nationality as it had been moulded for centuries were the little clique whose private interest it was (because they held masses of looted church wealth, and were continuing to loot) to prevent the national religion from being re-established.

Later on things became more complicated. Elizabeth had been excommunicated. Philip of Spain, the head of Catholic influence in Europe, and the special protector of Elizabeth during the first years of her reign, was now opposed to her Government.

As the years drew on less and less people could remember the full exercise of Catholic worship—though a good half of the nation remained in sympathy with it well after Elizabeth's death. When Mary Stuart had been put to death by the plots which Cecil and his man Walsingham had manufactured against her, there was hardly a theoretical rival left (certainly no real rival) to Elizabeth. Much later, under Charles II, those who desired no longer the restoration of Catholicism but at least its toleration, were especially loyal to the dynasty—much more so than were the violently anti-Catholic minority.

But all through, the thing to see is that the attempt, at first to preserve the Catholic Church in England, and later at least to have it tolerated, could not, of its nature, be a treasonable attempt by any moral definition which we give to the word *treason*. It savored in no way of disloyalty to national interests, not even when, in the earlier part of the period, the more ardent lovers of old English traditions had been willing to accept foreign help for the restoration of the English religion.

The next thing which I think we misunderstand or underestimate is the *quality* of heroism in the martyrs, and especially in those who came hither from overseas. Of course we know they were heroes. It is a commonplace, but the degree and intensity of their heroism we hardly seize, or the fact that it was unique.

The missionary priests were not men who happened to be caught by enemies and so suffered. They were for the most part a body of men who had been specially set apart to envisage and to accept without flinching a frightful death. In the English College at Rome, for instance, the torments which awaited them were pictured on the walls and they were in daily familiarity with their fate. I doubt whether there is a parallel in history to heroism of that exalted kind.

Great courage is usually granted to men in a sudden and unexpected crisis, for the worst perils of men usually come upon them unforeseen. But in this case the

champions knew in every detail what awaited them, dwelt upon it, visualized it and faced it every hour of their lives. They were actually trained to face it. Quite apart from the sanctity of their effort and from its Divine purpose, there should be no chivalrous man who would not regret the failure of such more than human courage. Nothing like their effort could be found anywhere else in Europe then, and nothing like it since.

The third thing which I am sure is missed (and missed more than the first two) by English Catholics today is the endurance of the Catholic tradition in England. The average educated man, if he were asked how many Catholics there were in England at such and such a date—say 1560, 1580, 1600, 1660, 1688—would give a number more or less conformable to the anti-Catholic legend. He thinks of Catholics as a minority in the first years of Elizabeth, a small exceptional body under James I, and a mere handful under Charles II and James II. All that is a grievous error, and an error which distorts our understanding of England and the English character.

Of course the number who could physically practise Catholicism was very small. The opportunities for hearing and saying Mass were as limited as are the opportunities of talking Chinese in England today. Of course the memory of such practice became vague and dim as the years proceeded. After the Gunpowder Plot only very old men and women had heard Mass in public as young people. After the accession of Charles I, hardly any one had; at the end of his reign, no one.

The Catholic idea and tradition, the Catholic habit of mind, and sympathy with Catholicism in general (I do not say with special Papal claims such as with the deposing power) was almost universal when Elizabeth came to the throne. It was still the general attitude of mind in her later years. It affected, in varying degrees, a very large minority of the people to the very end of the seventeenth century, and when the Faith was finally uprooted from England by the successful revolt of the rich classes against James II, it still covered more than an eighth if less than a quarter of the population.

It is only by appreciating such a state of affairs that we can understand how native was the Faith to the English mind and how unnational has been the perversion of the last 300 years.

HOMAGE

I do not need tall candles gleaming bright
On softly tinted panes that shed a glow
Of purple, orange and rich tawny light
On those who worship in the nave below;
Or yet to bend in this dim atmosphere
And watch blue clouds of incense slowly rise,
To curve round sculptured figures standing near,
And waiting lilies with calm, golden eyes;
Give me some far-off spot with no one nigh;
Some shadowed path that piney fragrance fills;
Let me drink deeply of the chalice sky;
Grant me for missal the eternal hills;
Or by a crystal pool where primrose trace
Their message on the soil in pattern odd,
My soul shall find new speech—in this still place,
Shall prayers mount swiftly upward to my God.

CLARE MACDERMOTT.

One Wore Armor

PHILIP BURKE

THERE were moth balls in the pocket of my dinner coat, and downstairs, when I was going out, a pleasant stir of interest.

"Well, don't you look nice," said the landlady. "There's something about evening clothes. Now, isn't there?"

I thought of the moth balls and said nothing.

"Is it tonight the Elks have their ball?" she went on.

My landlady is large and arch. She shook a playful finger. "Do I know the lady? I'll bet I could guess who. Let me see! What is the name of the little teacher next door?"

I thought it best to disillusion her. "It isn't the Elks' ball, Mrs. Hastings. I'm going to dinner at the Hanleys."

"Not the Paul Hanleys on Gerald Avenue?"

I nodded.

"Well, isn't that nice! I'm sure you'll enjoy it. Such lovely people."

I murmured something inane and went out with an uncomfortable feeling that after the door closed my landlady would say, "I wonder how the Hanleys happened to invite Mr. Burke for dinner."

Going up Gerald Avenue, I wondered a bit about that myself. The Hanleys and I move in different circles. Mr. Hanley is president of our larger bank. I am a school teacher. We nod to each other coming out from Mass, and Mrs. Hanley, who is active in parish affairs, sells me tickets. I did have their boys in high school. I had to flunk Tom in geometry. He was indifferent to angles. I was afraid at the time that Mrs. Hanley was disappointed in me. There was something wintry in her smile.

But here I was, anyway, going over to the Hanleys for dinner at eight. And like the landlady, I didn't know why.

There were no other guests. And after dinner—we had our coffee in front of the library fire—my question was answered. The Hanleys wanted to talk about their boys.

"Father Ryan didn't want us to send them to the State University," Mr. Hanley said bluntly. "In fact we had quite an argument about it. Of course, you understand, nobody thinks any more of Father Ryan than I do."

"He's a saint," Mrs. Hanley assured me.

Her husband waved that aside. "I don't doubt that. But he's—well, you know yourself he's a little radical in this business of Catholic education. He sees only one side of it. You've got to have a broad-minded viewpoint today. That's what I told him. That's what I want my boys to get. A broad education that will help them to understand the other fellow. Besides, it's a real asset for a man who is going to make his living in this State, to have a degree from our State University. He associates there with the fellows he'll be doing business with later. It's a good thing."

"And they do get a social training," added Mrs. Hanley. "They have such good times. The fraternities, you know, and those things. And then they are near enough to get home for the holidays. Their rooms upstairs look so empty. It just seems the other day they were children. Paul says I'm too sentimental. But he's not their mother." Mrs. Hanley sighed.

"Anyway, I thought I'd like to talk to you about them," Mr. Hanley said briskly. "You had them in high school."

"And they were both so devoted to you," Mrs. Hanley said gently.

I muttered something polite, thinking how effectively boys hide their devotion. Tom Hanley, good-looking and popular, energetic on the playing field and innocuous in the classroom. Michael, moody and sensitive, given to day-dreaming and enthusiasms. An eager mind. The Hanleys were unhappy about them. There was a sense of that in the room.

"A lot of boys have trouble making the transition from high school to college," I said. "But Michael's a good student. I should think he could help Tom. Tom's a good lad, but he has a weakness for the path of least resistance. Most of us have."

Mr. Hanley brought his hand down heavily on the living-room table. "That's just it," he said. "That's the thing that baffles Mrs. Hanley and me. Michael's in trouble. Tom's doing fine. He's going to be a success there. Oh, I don't mean he'll ever win prizes. I didn't myself. I don't want to make a teacher out of him, anyway. There's nothing in teaching for a live wire."

Mrs. Hanley said, "Paul dear, I'm afraid that isn't polite."

He looked annoyed. "Oh, well, of course you understand there is nothing personal in all this."

I understood.

Mr. Hanley went on. "Well, the thing that beats us, Burke, is this. There's Tom, who didn't any more than get by in high school. I believe you failed him in something or other."

"Geometry," I said.

"It doesn't matter. He's making good, anyway. He's passing in everything and enjoying it all. And Michael, who had a fine record in high school, and whom we never worried about for a moment—well, Michael isn't."

There was a threat of tears in Mrs. Hanley's voice. "We've been good parents, Mr. Burke. I can't see why anything like this should come to us."

"Perhaps you're worrying needlessly," I suggested. "Michael is a good boy."

"Get those letters, Mother," said Mr. Hanley. "Go ahead. You read a couple of them. Maybe Burke can make sense of them."

Mrs. Hanley got the letters and adjusted her glasses. "This one is from Tom," she explained:

"Dear Ma—I've been pledged for Kappa Tau Omega. That's pretty swell. The best frat on the campus. We've got four men on the Varsity and all the cheer leaders. They're pretty careful, too, who they let in. They look you up and see who your folks are at home, and everything. They're a great bunch and just like brothers to us new pledges. They put us wise about the good courses and the profs. Some of the profs are pretty fierce, but you don't have to take their courses. A lot of the fellows have cars. It doesn't cost any more, because if you haven't got a car you go along with someone else and pay the bills. And if you have your own car you don't have to be late for any classes. I wish you'd kind of speak to Dad about it.

"I was scared the Kappas might not pledge me on account of being a Catholic. But that's the bunk. Honest, sometimes I think there's more prejudice back home than there is here. The Kappas took in twenty freshmen, and three of us are Catholics. So you see. Of course they kid you some about getting up and going to Mass Sundays, and eating fish and all that. I just kid them right back. Michael's got the wrong slant on it somehow. If he doesn't look out he won't get pledged to any of the frats. I got to quit now and dash off a theme for freshman comp. They've got a whole chest full of old themes here in the frat house that fellows got handed back. Some of the guys just copy them over and hand them in. I wouldn't do that. But I'm kind of tired tonight, so I'll just get one and read it over, and maybe I'll get an inspiration to do one along the same lines. So long and much love."

"Tom tells me everything," said Mrs. Hanley. "Now, here's one from Michael. 'You'll see the difference.'" She read silently for a little. Something unimportant or personal. Then she began again.

"I don't like it up here very well. And I don't know how much education I'm going to get. You go in to one class and hear something, and then you go across the hall and hear something else from another prof. And sometimes if one of them is right, the other can't be. But you're supposed to believe them both.

"I went to the Newman Club breakfast Sunday. We had doughnuts and coffee and a girl played the piano. Everyone who spoke said how proud he was to be a Catholic. And the chaplain scolded the ones who weren't there. I didn't get much out of it. Some of the profs make me mad. They don't talk about Catholicism, but they're always talking about truth and science and medieval superstition. They're mostly Ph. D's and ought to know. I guess they've read everything in the world—some of them. And it looks to me like this. If they're right, we Catholics are a couple of hundred years behind the times. And if they aren't right—what are Tom and I listening to them for? A fellow has to find out.

"I'm reading my head off. More later. Love to you both."

"Michael is thinking, anyway," I said into the silence that followed the end of the letter.

"Well, it isn't thinking that will get him anywhere," said his father. "He knows what's right. Let him live up to it, that's all. In the meantime it's up to him to get a degree so he can go out in the world and make good."

"I don't know," I said, "it doesn't seem to me quite so simple as that."

Mr. Hanley made an angry sound, and his wife spoke quickly. "I wrote to Tom," she explained anxiously, "and asked him what was the matter with Michael, and if he'd heard the professors saying things they shouldn't. Tom wrote right back. It's here somewhere. Here. It's real sensible."

"Tom keeps his feet on the ground," said his father.

Mrs. Hanley read again:

"Dear Ma—I don't know what's the matter with Michael. He gives me a pain. The first thing everybody will be calling him

a crank. He got into an argument with a history prof the other day. The prof put it all over him and the class got a big laugh. Mike imagines things, anyway. Why, there's a priest here gives regular lectures at the University on religion. And I saw him playing handball in the gym with a couple of profs the other day. That shows you. The football coach is a Catholic and everybody is crazy about him. And so is a girl in the music department, and one of the assistants in chemistry.

"My English prof was talking the other day, and he said there was an element of good in every religion. They were just different paths up the same mountain. And he said there was real beauty in the Catholic ritual. Does that sound like bigotry? Mike's reading a lot of books he doesn't have to for his classes—like Neitchey, and those birds the profs throw at you to show why they're profs. He ought to go to confession and forget it.

"Did you say anything to Dad about a car?"

"That's hitting the nail on the head," said Mr. Hanley, "if he isn't good at geometry. Now read that last one we got from Michael, Mother. Maybe he'll think that's intelligent."

Mrs. Hanley read with a troubled voice:

"Dear Mother—I'm sorry you and Dad have been worrying about me. But I came up here expecting to learn a lot, and I'm only confused. As if I was in a fog, or maybe trying to go up a mountain by three or four different paths at the same time. And maybe there isn't any top of the mountain to get to. I'll try to forget it."

There was a little silence.

Mrs. Hanley broke it. "Shall we show him the one that came yesterday, Father?"

I was sorry for Mr. Hanley.

He reached for a cigar with a hand that shook a little: "Go ahead," he said gruffly. "People will know, anyway."

Mrs. Hanley picked up another letter. An official-looking thing. She read:

"Dear Mr. Hanley—I regret to inform you that your son, Michael, has been asked to withdraw from the University for the present quarter. He was reported to this office for coming into his dormitory in the early morning hours. He was in an intoxicated condition and created a disturbance. His suspension follows as a matter of course. I'm afraid it's evident that he has not succeeded in adjusting himself to this new environment."

It was signed by somebody or other, the Dean of Men.

Mr. Hanley said, puzzled and angry, "If it had been Tom, I could have made allowances. But Michael, that we've never worried about! He was always a good boy and got the prizes at school. It's hard to forgive him. It shows you how little the clergy know sometimes. Father Ryan told me once, when the boys were just little shavers, that he wouldn't be surprised if Michael grew up to have a vocation. I wonder what he'll say now. Now, look here, Burke—your job is handling boys—what would you advise me to do now?"

It was stupid of me, of course, and not kind. But somehow the man did irritate me. "If I were you," I said, "I think I'd pray for light." I shouldn't have said it, and when I rose, the Hanleys didn't urge me to stay.

The moth balls are back in my dinner-coat pockets. Tom Hanley belongs to the University glee club. And Michael is clerking in his father's bank. He's getting along all right. But as everyone says, "There must be a weak strain in him somewhere. A boy who'd refuse an education."

Ten Years of "Prohibition"

MARK O. SHRIVER

SINCE about the sixteenth day of January, 1920, the United States and all territory subject to its jurisdiction has been, theoretically, dry. The Eighteenth Amendment was ratified by forty-six of the forty-eight States and at one time or another forty-seven of them have had so-called enforcement acts, concurring with the Federal authority. Today forty-three States retain these acts, many of which are couched in language even more stringent and vehement than the National Prohibition act itself. It is difficult to conceive of a more unanimous legislative expression and, when the facts are known, it is equally difficult to conceive of a more complete collapse of governmental power and authority. As these lines are written, in December, 1929, no less a personage than the President of the United States is mightily concerned with this breakdown and with an especial and concentrated campaign to "dry up" the city of Washington, and as part of it to drive the liquor peddlers from the corridors of the Capitol and the governmental office buildings.

It is not surprising that the President should be so concerned at the general disregard that has been manifested for this law since, while august Senators have thus far escaped enmeshment, a goodly number of State and Federal officials, including several Representatives, have been confined in Federal penitentiaries for sundry offenses against this Volsteadism. The dry physicians have not, apparently, healed themselves. But violations are by no means confined to the limits of the District of Columbia. They are nation-wide. They are open, notorious, and, as adversary possession statutes might phrase it, almost, under a claim of right.

If Prohibition were adopted as a national policy, we were told, jails and penitentiaries would be emptied, insane asylums would be superfluous and there would be happiness and prosperity for everyone. There has indeed been some prosperity, if the latest slump in the stock market may be disregarded, but there has been quite as much in the Canadian provinces which have successively abandoned the noble experiment after having once undertaken it, and as to jails and asylums, the prediction seems sadly warped. Just this past Fall the Department of Justice requested the War Department to allow it to use all the surplus cells in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth and in the several branches of the disciplinary barracks, so that more room might be provided for unfortunates convicted of a violation of the prohibitory statutes, now greatly increased in number and severity.

In hospitals and asylums census bulletins tell of a steady rise in the number of deaths from alcoholism beginning from 1920, despite a sharp drop in the number just prior to that year. The death rates among the industrial policy holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company parallel the figures for the entire coun-

try. Closely following the alcoholic death curve is an increase in alcoholic insanity which is again substantiated by the Metropolitan figures. Other figures prepared by the Moderation League from reports made by police chiefs show steady increase in the total of arrests for drunkenness, and while, as the League frankly admits, arrests alone may prove nothing, arrests and deaths and insanities all pointing the same way and all taken together, can and do show a great deal.

During this same period of "Prohibition," seizures of contraband liquor and distilling apparatuses have likewise steadily mounted and here too the significance, taken with other facts, is striking: 26,500,000 gallons of mash were seized last year (1928) and over 261,000 pieces of distilling apparatus, and Mr. Seymour Lowman, of the Treasury Department, says that ninety per cent is never found by his new-fangled "revenooers." In 1920, 153,775 gallons of liquor were seized and in 1928 32,401,330 gallons, and it must be remembered that the Federal Government makes no effort to apprehend the small manufacturer of wines and beers for domestic use; indeed the manufacture of such wines has been sanctioned by more than one Federal court of inferior jurisdiction.

Summarizing tables and charts, Mr. John C. Gebhart, of the research department of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment, states that the probable annual cost to taxpayers of Prohibition enforcement is \$936,000,000, which is an accurate appraisal of Federal expenditure and a conservative allowance for the loss of revenue which is one of the items to be considered.

Seizures have increased much faster than appropriations, however, and the margin of diminishing returns has not yet been reached despite increase of appropriations from \$3,750,000 to \$28,970,345 for the only two departments in which exact figures are available. At every session of Congress loud demands are made for still more money, still larger appropriations; and who can hazard a guess as to what the ultimate limit may be? Mr. Commissioner Doran says he must have \$300,000,000 for adequate enforcement; he says Washington is doing work which it is not expected to do, and that means expenditure of a quarter of a billion dollars more by the States, so that when all is said and done the price for enforcement of "Prohibition" will be close to a billion and a quarter dollars.

Is Prohibition worth it? See what it has done to the police departments of our cities. Consider Philadelphia under the regime of Mayor Kendrick and General Butler, and the revelations of that investigation. The story of Chicago has been blazoned from coast to coast. Indictments of police officials in Pittsburgh tell their own story and need no comment. Crime in Detroit and Buffalo, separated from Canada only by a narrow strip of water, passes belief. Never has such an orgy been recorded in American annals. Nor are police the sole public servants

to be thus corrupted. The fall of the Coast Guard from its once honored place in American traditions and all these other horrors are directly traceable to the new duties springing from the new laws which attempt to ban and prohibit beverages containing alcohol. Everywhere Prohibition agents and even local commissioners have been removed, demoted and many of them sent to jail for extortion, falsification of records and immoral conduct, 1,291 of them in eight years. Mr. Lowman once said his arm wearied from signing dismissal orders.

Comment has been made on the cost of this "Prohibition," but perhaps a more vital topic would be the purposes for which the huge appropriations were spent. Senate Document 198, Sixty-ninth Congress, Second Session (1927), tells how certain Federal agents not only opened and maintained speakeasies but actually in flagrant violation of other laws, set up and operated a private distillery of their own which supplied them with product and lured local police to unlawful acts through the trap thus set. Said Commissioner D. C. Blair in his report of the episode ". . . It will be many years before we can hope for proper cooperation as a result of this attempt."

That was in Virginia, but it was no isolated case. Prohibition units operated a night club in New York (and claimed to have lost money doing it). They ran rum routes from Canada; they tapped telephone wires in violation of law and they have brought the whole orderly administration of justice to a sorry pitch. More than two years ago I had occasion to say in these columns that even if it were morally justifiable to bribe citizens to the commission of crime, and then punish them for it, it did seem to be more or less rubbing it in when increased appropriations were sought to suppress the very violation which had been induced by government spies and *agents provocateurs* who spent a half million dollars to encourage and abet the criminal acts they were hired to prevent. Mr. Cortlandt Nicoll has well said in the *North American Review* for June, 1929, that lying and seduction to crime are the preliminaries to prosecution under the Prohibition law. No wonder the President is concerned.

And it is not only subordinates who are venal and corrupt. It is not alone the petty employe who degrades the public service. United States Senator Millard E. Tydings, of Maryland, in an article in *Plain Talk* for November, 1929, discusses the biased and inaccurate reports issued by men high in Federal service. Their records list 260 deaths as a result of Volsteadic enforcement, but the Senator places the number at 800. As a matter of fact it is probable that if shootings by deputy sheriffs, under-cover men and volunteers were all made known the total would be over a thousand. Many of these shootings have been little less than cold-blooded murder despite a subsequent acquittal of such charge in the Federal court when a District Attorney acted as defense counsel for a killer. The Senator lists fifty-one killings as results of law enforcement and all of them are missing from the Government reports. There is no record of them in the files of the Prohibition Bureau and, while Mr. Low-

man avers that not all can be properly charged against Prohibition, eighteen were done by employes of his bureau. As an illustration of the Government policy the Senator says "it is impossible to find out whether there were two or three officers by the name of Griffin in its service or whether all three killings were by one man." It is interesting, as some investigators point out, to note how often deliberate shots at tires missed the mark and how often accidental discharges found one in the body of some unfortunate, as for instance the Senator from Vermont peacefully walking in the Washington streets.

The record is an open book. After ten years Keeley cures remodel their plants and enlarge their facilities. Sanitariums report "not a room in the house." Gins, whiskies and all manner of potent stuff are readily obtainable in every city and in every State. It is common knowledge that bellhops and porters can supply demands in nearly every hotel, and the social club where potent beverages of good quality cannot be secured on short notice is a rare bird. The Prohibition people may not know this but everybody else does. Everybody knows it and nobody does any thing about it, Jones law or no Jones law to make them criminals because they keep their mouths shut. Ten years of "Prohibition" have brought neither temperance nor any other beneficent result.

BALLAD OF A STAR

I

There were three gallant gentlemen,
And they were brave and bold,
There was a rainbow in the sky
Of azure and of gold.

Then spoke these gallant gentlemen:
"Behold the mystic fire
The wizards say will lead the way
To the Land of Man's Desire!"

But the rainbow is a fickle thing,
And the Land of Man's Desire
Is only a quest for a phoenix nest,
And a changeling's fabled hire.

And glory is but a hollow cry,
Red gold is a fool's behest,
And honor is soon but a sorry boon,
A titled beggar's jest.

II

There were three gallant gentlemen,
Three Kings who came afar
With travail of soul and heaviness
To follow a gleaming star.

Little they recked of their heaviness,
And little they recked of them—
The scoffing ring and the ribald King—
Who mocked at Bethlehem.

Lo! When they came to the little house,
They knew that the star's clear fire
Had led them right with its gleaming light
To the Home of Heart's Desire.

O, the rainbow is a changeling thing,
And no man ever yet
Hath found a trace of the secret place,
Where the earth and a rainbow met.

FRANCIS J. MCNIFF, S.J.

Education

The College and some "Frozen Assets"

MAURICE S. SHEEHY, Ph.D.

SEVERAL years ago the president of the University of Washington, Dr. Suzzallo, wrote a sentence that smacks of prophecy: "There will be no frozen thing in American education." In particular as regards the college, his thought was that the college must grow in service and in power, or it must cease to exist. There are facts that stand forth since this line was penned that bear out the thought quite well. I do not know, nor do I pretend to know, what the college of fifty years hence will be like. But it seems apparent that it must be a *good college*. The others will drop out of existence in the competitive educational struggle.

There are numerous ways in which Catholic colleges can qualify as outstanding colleges. One is in being eminently conservative, in preserving the spiritual values established and sealed with Divine approval. The other is in being eminently critical, in questioning a system whose main defect is that it has stolen from the Catholic Church. I refer, of course to the tendency to place credits, standards, and degrees, in the category of Sacraments as if they worked *ex opere operato*. Educational agencies today also often assume an infallibility and an authority such as a theologian ascribes to an ecumenical council. As one professor stated the case, "If the Catholic Church can speak *ex cathedra*, we will speak *ex cathedra-tissima*."

To consider the second avenue of service first, it is almost an adage among historians that the thought of one generation is the action of the next. If this be true as regards Catholic educational practice, institutions under the auspices of the Church may change radically as regards educational mechanisms within the next generation. In the meetings of the National Catholic Educational Association, there has been voiced vigorous discontent with the present system, a system engrafted upon Catholic colleges and at variance with traditional procedures. Educational literature of the past twenty years has concentrated more on the content than on the function of standards. Certainly no one should oppose standards which serve as directive of effort, or as representations of outcomes that give quality and quantity to effort, but the legalistic complex, in the educational field, has made the standard a sacrosanct rule. It is very hard for human agencies, knowing so little about human beings, to presume to guide the development of spiritual faculties by legislative enactments.

A few case studies presented to me, as chairman of the personnel committee of the National Department of Colleges of the National Catholic Educational Association, are right to the point.

Case number 1 is that of a lad whose report in a large high school in Massachusetts was far from impressive. The passing mark was 65, his average, 68. He was refused admission by several colleges, but finally, on probation, secured the privilege of registering at a first-class

university. He elected a classical course in which many students fail at this institution. After the second month he was on the honor roll and, from every viewpoint, was judged at the end of the year one of the most promising students in his course. The key to this case is quite simple. In high school, this student had played on an orchestra that required much of this time and energy; in college, with this distraction removed, he was more than able to hold his own.

Case number 2 is equally interesting. From a prominent school in the Middle West a student applied for admission. His record was quite interesting. I have met students who are amazed at the thought they should try to do more than "to get by" a course, as if getting a B, when a C would carry you through, was a dissipation of intellectual powers. But this was the first student whose record showed that one could "just get by" for four years. The passing mark was 70. His mark was 70. He never secured more or less. The report received on the case indicated that he was accepted with reluctance at a certain college, not on his record but because the superintendent of the high school took a personal interest in securing the boy's admission, stressing the student's splendid character and potential leadership. The first thing the boy was asked in college was whether he had a return ticket. His dean regretfully suggested that their acquaintanceship might terminate soon, as he could not see how this student could hope to pass a freshman pre-medical course. However, the boy came to college to study. The second month he had a B-plus average. He, too, was an outstanding student at the end of the year.

A third case in instance is rather exceptional. A registrar was guilty of a mistake, which, had it become known, would immediately have effected his educational damnation. He admitted a student who was a half-credit short of the number required even for conditional admission. The registrar, however gave the student the privilege of putting on sackcloth and ashes, telling him that even a monthly condition meant dismissal. If the student could not keep up with any one class, including the make-up work, he would be instantly dismissed. The student, oblivious of the fact that he was not numbered among the elite from whose diadem there gleamed fifteen credits, did not "keep up with his class." Unfortunately his class could not keep up with him. He was head of the honor group after the first semester.

The other side of this picture may be revealed in a single instance. William is a *nice* boy. He dresses neatly and is quite polite. Teacher dislikes to fail him, despite William's impressive dumbness, and guesses his intellectual worth as B. At the end of the first semester, William joins the number of college freshmen who, homeward bound, find that their eyes have been troubling them. The teacher who had made college a possibility for him was in the same category as the citizen who voted for the crookedest man in town because that politician wore the neatest clothes.

The moral from these cases is obvious. Catholic colleges can render great service by making achievement rather than subjective ratings the basis of academic ad-

vancement. Whether the present wobbly system should be junked, or reconstructed, remains a question. Something must be done. That is generally agreed. But where have we leaders, in our Catholic colleges, who are prepared to do this something? The American Council on Education is accomplishing a great deal in attempting to substitute objective for subjective measures of worth. A few prominent universities in this country are breaking away from the intellectual lockstep so derogatory to student interests. Their thought seems to be that if the rest of the educational world doesn't like it, the rest of the educational world can—but let us not stir up latent antipathies. The point of vital issue to Catholic educators is whether this reconstruction is to come through other agencies, or whether they possess the foresight, genius, and initiative to set their own standards.

Another line along which the Catholic college can grow in power and usefulness, I propose to discuss next week.

Sociology

The Murder of Elias Ellmond

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

AT the age of sixty, Elias Ellmond, a sober and industrious citizen, was a clerk in a shoe shop on Park Avenue.

Let us not jump to the conclusion that Elias was a man of consequence. This shop was not on lower Park Avenue where, I am told, more wealth is housed and squandered than on any other street in the world. It was situated three or four miles farther north, and faced the Park Avenue over which the New York Central runs its track to form a shed for dozens of pushcarts. If you remember the street (at which you glanced curiously on your first visit to New York), lying between the station at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and your last glimpse of daylight before the train plunges into the tunnel to emerge in Grand Central Terminal, you can visualize the neighborhood served by the shop in which Elias Ellmond, aged sixty, was a clerk.

Why Elias was still selling shoes at sixty, I do not know. Perhaps the man had the pride of the artist who finds his joy in any work well done. Perhaps, and more probably, he needed bread, and could earn it in no other way. Surely he must at some time have had ambitions. His name suggests ivory and white peacocks, Samarcand and the marts of Trebizond. But the man with ambitions who turns his sixtieth year in a Harlem shop, has also had his tragedy. By day he sold cheap shoes in Weitzkind's and night found him in his dingy room in an East Side tenement. The world seems to have dealt harshly with him. Whatever dreams he once dreamed were ended a day or two before Christmas, when thugs walked into the shop and put two bullets in his heart.

Elias was well trained to the New York manner. As the two bandits came cursing in from the street, all hands went up automatically. Elias stood there patiently, a pathetic figure of a man, unaccustomed to protest, and near him the proprietor. Together they watched one of the

masked figures open the cash register, and take its little hoard. It was merely an incident, unpleasant, particularly at Christmas time, but nothing to strike large terror to the heart. Presently they would go, and then it would be time to raise the hue and cry. It is generally raised in New York; not that it is expected to produce such results as capture, but merely because it is demanded by the custom of the country, like your coat at dinner, or a happy ending to a love story. New Yorkers, as Henry James and O. Henry have remarked, are very meticulous in some things.

Meanwhile Elias stood by quietly, his hands high in air. After bending over so much to fit customers who did not know what they wanted, the posture was rather restful. As the bandits turned from the cash register, they noticed the glint of a ring on his finger.

"Take that off," they ordered.

The New York manner fell from Elias. He forgot the years of servitude. Something flamed in the heart of the elderly shoe clerk.

"I can't. I mean I won't. Please let me keep it. It's something my wife gave me, and she's dead."

No bandit, trained in the New York manner, could possibly overlook this breach of the proprieties. One bandit tore the ring—a poor thing, worth only a few dollars—from the finger of the shoe clerk. The other stepped back and deliberately fired twice. Then they walked out, climbed into their car, and drove off.

"Policeman Bosworth of the East 104th Street police station who was called put Ellmond into a taxicab and rushed him to Mount Sinai Hospital. He was dead on his arrival" (*New York Evening Post*, December 24, 1929).

Now the point of this story is that it is ended by the lines which I have quoted from the *Post*. The coroner, or whatever official does the coroner's work in New York, will sit on the body, and then submit a report to the general effect that Elias Ellmond came to his death at the hands of John Doe and Richard Roe. Perhaps on some dull afternoon a young assistant in the district attorney's office may glance at it, and toss it back in the file with a yawn. In all probability, the wheels of justice ceased to revolve when Policeman Bosworth brought the murdered man to the hospital. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility, I admit, that the murderers may be captured. They may even be executed. But that is extremely unlikely. One more unsolved murder will be added to the list, and that list, if the present rate is maintained, will soon be as large as the Manhattan telephone book.

All this happened in New York, but it would be grossly incorrect to say that the tale is peculiarly characteristic of New York. It is more characteristic of some other cities (for many have a far higher murder rate than New York) and it is fairly characteristic of the United States as a whole. In no other country in the world, with any claim to civilization, is human life held so cheaply, and homicide punished so rarely. A single county in one of our States had 220 indictments for homicide in twenty months, and one conviction. Either we do not apprehend murderers, or apprehending them, we turn them

loose. Mr. Taft may not have been thinking of the homicide bureaus when he spoke of disgraceful conditions in the administration of the criminal law, but his remarks are particularly applicable to that branch of municipal government.

Can such conditions be even imagined in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, or Cetyawo? Do men step into shops in London and commit murder and saunter out enriched by their loot, and repeat the process two weeks later? Of course the thing may have happened now and then, but in this country alone are robbery and murder a business, well organized, highly profitable and fairly safe. In recent articles, Mr. Martin Conboy, a leader of the New York bar, Mr. Raymond Fosdick and Mr. Richard Washburn Child have used language which almost justifies the conclusion that in the United States crime just stops short of taking out incorporation papers.

It is futile to labor the point, but it is fairly clear that the wheels of justice are apt to stick on a dead center when crime is a business, and the detection and punishment of criminals a move in the political game. Justice is not always blindfolded. Often her eyes are wide open: they take in every phase of the next political campaign, and sometimes they stray to the tape wriggling out of the ticker.

Meanwhile Elias Ellmond will teach other young business men how easy and profitable it is to drop into a neighborhood shop with a gun to take the proprietor's life and his money. They're all doing it now. Elias left no family, it appears, to eat out their hearts in grief, in default of less bitter food; but other murdered men are not so fortunate. All this proves that "capital punishment does not deter."

In the words of my friend, Mr. Donahoe, discussing the Carnegie Report, "You laugh for me—I can't."

Capital punishment? It is absurd to try to evaluate the effects of a thing that does not exist. If every other cold-blooded murder were followed speedily by an execution, so that for 220 murders the executioner officiated on 110 occasions, and if this proportion were steadily maintained over a period of years, we might sit down to discuss the deterrent effects of capital punishment. Until that time we may as well argue about the weight and color of a negation.

TONE PICTURE

On listening to Debussy's Nocturne "Fêtes"

All the air is dancing lightly, lightly,
Elfin moonbeams tip their silver toes,
Skipping, poising, pirouetting blithely,
Brushing diamond dust from leaf and rose.

Luminous white shadows trail the leaping
Fire spirits in the nether skies,
Flashing splendor through the dark and sweeping
Earth with festal plumes of Paradise.

Spheric music never, never ceasing
Holds the universe in sentient thrall,
Light and motion, constantly releasing
Their twin powers, triumph over all
Death's penumbral portents till they are
But fragment ashes scattered by a star.

CATHARINE MARY BRESNAN.

With Scrip and Staff

THE Pilgrim records his impression of this latest Christmas for what it is worth, wondering if others will corroborate it. It seemed to him that, as compared with previous years, there was a great increase in the quality as in the quantity marking the celebration. Religious Christmas cards, for instance, for which AMERICA readers have so often expressed a desire, were certainly more numerous. One of the most deeply reverent and Catholic cards that I saw was created by a Presbyterian clergyman for his friends. Even the bill-board advertisements carried a Madonna. Christmas radio programs, pushing out the Christmas jazz of former years, were much more numerous and of distinctly higher quality. The music of the Midnight Mass and Christmas sermons at the Mass were arranged to reach much greater numbers of hearers.

The sudden flowering out of electrically decorated Christmas trees, in the railroad stations, and public squares, in front of private homes, in stores or factory yards and unexpected nooks and corners, may be put down to mere love of display, to crude sentiment. But even display and crude sentiment have their purpose and their effect. Simple as was the device, it served none the less to mark the Feast, to point it out in the calendar with a million tiny lights glowing against the frosty, "old-fashioned" snow that prevailed through the country this last December 25. The unbeliever and "religious illiterate" was reminded that *something*, somehow, was being commemorated, which from time immemorial had been and still was of supreme interest to the human race. For the believer, for those who knew the real meaning of the Birth of the Redeemer, it was one more creature harnessed by man's genius to yield Him honor in its humble way.

And certainly it was a little startling to see a real Christmas mystery play put on in one of the largest of Broadway's motion-picture houses, just as a matter of course. A few years ago many were heard prophesying that the materialism and flashiness of modern life would drive all thought of Christmas from people's minds. May it not be that the contrary is true; that even the thoughtless are being won by the sublime, unchanging simplicity of the Christmas scene, the Cave, the Holy Family and the Shepherds, as contrasted with the feverish flashing of the show of passion and pleasure? Next Christmas, if the Pilgrim lives to see it, he expects to see a notable revival of Christmas mystery plays. AMERICA's readers have done much to stimulate the demand for better greeting cards. Can they during the coming year pave the way for this as well?

THE holidays, of course, bore their usual crop of stories of pathos, homesick wanderers, etc. Right after Christmas day, however, I was glad to learn that in Los Angeles, at least, there is no such thing as homesickness, at least in the painful form known as nostalgia. I gather this from the following postcard, written by F. W. F., and dated December 22 from that city.

Dear Sir:—

Your publication is offered in Los Angeles for general sale and popular reading, but since giving up the use of untranslated Latin phrases, you continue to use words like "nostalgia" and "dialectics." May I suggest that "you are all wet," and I sincerely hope that you are compelled to consult in order to learn the meaning of that expression.

Consulting, of course, the "Oxford Dictionary" (what better to consult, unless one were to suppose a Los Angelite guilty of a colloquialism?) I find at once: "Wet. 1. Consisting of moisture, liquid. Chiefly as a pleonastic rhetorical epithet of water or tears. . . . c 1374 CHAUCER This cely Venus nygh dreynt in teres wete."

This does not seem to get me very far. Try No. 6: "Made moist or damp by dipping in, or sprinkling or smearing with, water or other liquid. Freq. of new-printed matter (newspapers or books), esp. in the phr. *wet from the press*. This is decidedly better. It means that the Pilgrim is all fresh, up to date, like the latest edition of the *Daily Scream* or the primrose at dawn. The only possible alternative (for No. 14, "*colloq.*" fitteth ill, after this sober Yule-tide), is No. 15 "*colloq.*: Of a Quaker: Not very strict in the observances of his sect." Hence to eliminate at once any misapprehension from F. W. F., I attest—by affirmation only—that, though partly raised on Quaker scrapple, the Pilgrim is not a member of the Society of Friends.

THIS done, I refer F. W. F. for further enlightenment to S. C. J., who writes from Alabama. Her letter speaks for itself.

I am sorry that I let my subscription expire. The truth is that Mr. J. had asked me repeatedly if I could not do without my AMERICA. (This year you see we are not enjoying Mr. Hoover's prosperity.) And though I told him I could do without nearly everything, even my Missal, but never AMERICA, still he neglected to send a subscription. So, suddenly, when I had accused every member of the Klan of getting it, he answered that he would do so immediately. . . . For my AMERICA is the greatest consolation I have in this arid waste of Protestantism. I, with my little daughter, are the only Catholics in this town of three thousand which is a Klan hot-bed. However, the better element is not so. You see my AMERICA keeps me posted on all questions, and I am often called upon to clear up a false statement. You can imagine how I need my AMERICA, especially at present, to get a concise knowledge of this present situation at Rome. AMERICA, too, has helped me so much in my study-club papers.

At Christmas time I was given "The Christmas Story in Art," so I took great pleasure in voicing your sentiments about the Christmas greetings we send, as one feature. As another, I stressed the "Blessed" Mother. I did not fail either to stress the magnificent Rubens whose religious work is so reverent and worshipful, and that this was due to his training. And I closed the paper with the poem of Father Cosgrove, S.J., "Heaven is mine tonight," which appeared in AMERICA a year or so back. From beginning to end AMERICA was the only material I used. I thought they would not like the way I handled my paper; but there were not two who did not praise it elaborately and several asked for a copy.

In commending AMERICA, S.C.J. has also given a wonderful suggestion as to what an educated Catholic woman can accomplish, and to the welcome that is so unexpectedly given to the beauty of the Faith, when presented with tact and competence.

WHAT Catholic women can do, under difficulties of another nature, is told in the record of the ladies of the Confraternity of St. Vincent de Paul, in the Archdiocese of Guadalajara, in Mexico, during the three years of persecution of the Church in that country. The report of their Council extending from June, 1926, to the end of May, 1929, sent us by Archbishop Orozco, states:

The Central Council, without interrupting its labors for one single day, kept right to the highest ideal of the work that God has entrusted to it. Meetings were carried out without the least interruption, after previous consultation with its spiritual directors on everything relating to the progress and success of the various Confraternities. Afterwards its decisions were made known at plenary meetings; and with a praiseworthy spirit of willingness the representatives of all the Confraternities of the city [Guadalajara] attended these meetings, overcoming every sort of timidity and all kinds of difficulties.

Tables are added which indicate the great extent of the work that these heroic women carried on, in the face of every kind of violence around them, and every conceivable threat of danger to their lives and persons.

ONE very practical good work is that of the Central Catholic Library, which has been set on foot in Dublin, Ireland, S.C.J.'s experience implicitly shows the need of some place where the layman can have ready access to books giving the Catholic point of view on current questions. Says the Dublin Library, in its announcement:

This must be the common experience of all Catholics who mix with members of other religious organizations in the ordinary intercourse of life. To have, then, a library where Catholic books of reference, text books on Dogma, on history, on philosophy are readily accessible . . . must be admitted to be a paramount necessity. . . .

The Library contains over thirty different sections comprising fiction, poetry, essays, biographies and histories, for the most part written by Catholic writers, but while many do not deal specially or primarily with religions, they all give the Catholic point of view to the subject they treat of. American and foreign books are to be found on its shelves, and also current magazines and periodicals from all countries.

The beginnings that have been made in this country for establishing such centers should encourage great extension of the work.

THE PILGRIM.

SLEEP THE WHILE

Sleep, while dark waters wash;
Sleep, while the sea-foam flies;
Rest, for the stars are ware;
Rest—close your eyes.

Silence and shadows fall;
Silver and blue the skies.
Sleep in the evening's glow;
Sleep—close your eyes.

Slowly, far waters wash;
Fading, the sea-foam dies;
Fair gleams the hushful night
Clearly with star-lit skies.

Vast winging shadows drift;
Silence enfolds the deep;
Fragrance clings round the rose;
Dews on the lilac creep.
Sleep, my love. Sleep.

MONROE HEATH.

Literature

Catholic Literature's Dilemma

ROBERT A. PARSONS, S.J.

DURING the past few years I have been unduly irritated, without knowing why, at the literary prejudices of my Catholic friends. But suddenly one night I found a classification that brought peace to my soul. I divide my friends according to their ages, the thirty-five-and-over group, the twenty-and-overs, and those in my class at college. Every one of my literary friends, without exception, has a prejudice against Catholic literature. Nothing short of a laymen's or a college retreat would make them listen to the reading of a Catholic book.

Some of my younger friends, would not, for all they possessed, be caught with a Catholic book in their hands. People might suspect that they were contemplating the priestly life, either in the seminary or a Religious novitiate. One young man, when asked by me, why he did not read this or that Catholic book, replied: "Gee, Father, aren't there enough Sundays and Holy Days in the year?" "Exactly," I said, "you have the same feeling in opening a Catholic book, as you have when your alarm clock goes off on a Sunday morning." And I could appreciate his feeling; for a much greater artist than he, Karl Huysmans, after his conversion, was so exasperated at the then current type of French Catholic novel, as to dub it "the sacristan type of literature."

How apt a term to designate the pious effusions of his day! What pictures the term evokes! Pale ethereal altar boys with lilies in their hands; a nun, impossibly devout, setting out the vestments for an impeccable curé; the old sacristan himself—with one hand pulling the bell that summoned the too-eager faithful, with the other hand telling his beads. And you must not forget the tears of joy that are running down his cheeks. No wonder it sickened Huysmans. It was not life, and it was not Catholic life. Catholic literature of his day was made up of pale desiccated figures, bloodless caricatures of an exaggerated asceticism.

Modern French Catholic literature has grown up. Some of the authors are crowned by the French Academy. But I am afraid that an American Catholic literature cannot grow up for some time to come, for it is faced with a dilemma that it will have to solve. But before we discuss the dilemma, let me bring you back to my classification, wherein I find peace for my soul.

My older Catholic friends, the thirty-five-and-over group, are all hopelessly Victorian. They were brought up on Dickens and Thackeray; they read the Brontës; they boasted of the number of Scott's novels they had perused; they followed Tennyson's career breathlessly, some of them actually, some of them through their teacher's eyes. They were all properly scandalized when Tennyson wrote about the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere. "Alas," they sighed, "that was the only blot on Tennyson's career." Victorians, you know, are the only ones that sigh. So when my older friends and myself are in a

literary mood, much as if we had just received the advance notices from the publishers, I ask them if they have read "The Mill on the Floss."

They are all living in a literary age that is mercifully buried. Their ideas of modern literature are all summed up in one word—Sex. And the word *sex* was one of the unmentionable words in the Victorian era. They firmly believe that the last bit of decent literature ceased at Tennyson's death. I remember my last grand verbal bout when I claimed that Tennyson was just as pagan as Sinclair Lewis. I do not fight any more; I take refuge in my classification. They are the thirty-five-and-overs. So, while talking with them I wonder, with them, if Sir Galahad will ever come back. I admit that it is hypocritical; but it certainly makes for peace of mind.

My younger literary friends, the ones just out of college, present an entirely different problem. They are not exactly daily communicants, but they are thoroughly Catholic. They subscribe to a few Catholic magazines; but they read Hearst's *International* from cover to cover. They have heard about Tennyson; they put a few hours on him while they were in Freshman, and they are still wondering how he got that way. "To think, Father, that those old galoots got dolled up in armor and went out and searched for the Grail. They evidently did not have much to do."

So they read "Main Street," and exclaimed: "Why, that's just like my Aunt Mame or my Uncle Joe." And they read the novels of Dreiser. Two of my friends scandalized my cosmopolitan taste by telling me that they were ploughing through Proust. So, there you are. Nothing escapes the young; they read the newspapers for the news; but they read the tabloids to get a kick out of life. They discuss among themselves the latest torch murderer with the same *sang froid* as some hero's ninety-eight-yard run for a touchdown. I think that they would have enjoyed reading Chaucer, had some teacher started them off right. But alack and alas, the teacher, no doubt, was a Victorian, and the pupil got to know that Chaucer was a Catholic, and "one of those old galoots," to boot.

That brings me to my dilemma. Since the days of Tennyson, non-Catholic literature has changed hands many times. The eighteen-ninety group—the art-sakers—had their own way for a while; then the pale Romantics of the 1900's turned out thousands of books on the same model: a romance in the South, the chastisement of the villain and the fairy-tale ending. Then the renaissance of the 1914's, the naturalist approach to literature. Then the 1920's or the period of disillusionment.

During all that time the Catholic author, out of a spirit of renunciation, or otherwise, refused to write in a modern style. He could have written a Catholic "Main Street"; he could have written a Catholic "Spoon River"; he could have written a Catholic "Mauritius Case." But he did not, because in his spirit of renunciation he thought that the modern style was thoroughly bad. So, consequently, he lost a modern approach to Catholic literature. And so, on account of the dilemma that now faces Catholic literature, I do not believe that we shall see the Catholic renaissance for some time.

The dilemma would run somewhat as follows: the thirty-five-and-overs ceased reading modern books when Tennyson died, except perhaps detective stories, which are mostly turned out on the same innocuous pattern. Consequently, there was a definite break in Catholic literature. The Catholic author refused to be modern; and refused to see Catholic literature become modern. For proof of this consider the onslaught on Peadar O'Donnell's book and on Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's recent book. All the Victorians were up in arms. Charlotte Brontë never wrote like that; Tennyson would have turned away in horror from such a book. So we all have to be resigned; the Victorian period in Catholic literature has not closed yet, even though the good queen Victoria has been dead these many years. And so, if Catholic literature cannot be modern it can be at least innocuous, i. e., juvenile. The thirty-five-and-overs would have it remain like Peter Pan in the Never Never land.

On the other hand the younger brethren say that most of Catholic literature is wishy-washy, the tin-armor Galahad type, the type that sounds like a Sunday sermon that has been prepared between the sacristy and the pulpit. All the younger ones know what modern life is; not one of them is romantic; they could be got to enjoy Catholic books if two things took place: first, if they felt that they were not going to be preached at; and second, if there were authentic human people in it. So they have come to the conclusion that Catholic literature is for the pious or, as one of them said to me, for the mentally defective. They do not believe that it can be modern. So Catholic literature stands in the middle of two enemies; the thirty-fivers who will not allow it to grow up, and the young ones who do not give it a thought because they think it must be pious and childish.

I mentioned that it must be human. And I am sure that there will be another verbal fight between the thirty-five-and-overs and myself. To be human, they say, is to be sexy. So in order to get back my peace of mind, I shall have to read another of Jane Austen's works.

LIGHT IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH

With Host and cross and candle light
(*Domine, Domine, salva nos*)
The cottage is blessing a long adieu:
For a lady-mother in patient breath
Sweetly is passing the valley of death
In the light the Faith kept true:
(*Ave, Maria, audi nos*).

Three little sisters are ours to call
(*Veluti sancti Cherubim*)
Clear in a mansion of heaven's air:
And ready they make a home-like room,
Fresher than morn and springtime bloom,
For our lady-mother soon goes there;
(*Occurrite ei, Seraphim*)

Maureen and Kathie and Margaret,
(*Ipsae ancillae in coelo*)
From earth's dim cot to God's great dome
Welcome our mother in children's play,
And sing us the Faith that kept our way
Along all roads from home to Home;
(*Gratias agimus Domino*).

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Legacy of Sun Yatsen: A History of the Chinese Revolution. By GUSTAV AMANN. Translated from the German by FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE. New York: Louis Carrier and Company. \$3.75.

As the translator of this story of the Young Chinese movement, and Drs. Karl Haushofer, of Munich, and Engelbert Krebs, of Freiburg, who contribute introductory chapters to it, disagree in many respects with the author's appraisal of the revolutionaries and their practical program, it is not likely that the reader will be altogether in harmony with his views. Nevertheless it is an interesting and informative study, from a European standpoint, of the political and economic events that followed in the wake of the self-determination spirit that took hold of the Chinese Republic just after the World War, culminating in the 1926-1927 upheaval in the Celestial Empire. Written sympathetically, it is concerned with the spirit of the movement rather than with its externals, though these are by no means neglected. Out of a background of China's unhappy international relations has been born, so Dr. Amann contends, an idealism, partly national, partly religious, incarnated in Sun Yat-sen and his political heirs. This he seeks to describe and interpret, as it meets opposition and treachery in its struggle to cure the economic and political ills of the country. The author's character-sketching of the men that moved in the drama, especially Sun Yat-sen's own allies, is brief but pointed; his narration of the maneuvers, plots and open battles that marked the trend of events is lucid and graphic. In the latest stage of the movement, he is strongly resentful of Chiang Kai-shek whom he charges with betraying the idealism of Sun Yat-sen. It is perhaps here and in his justification of the alliance of the movement with Borodin and the Russian group that most of the discussion about this volume will revolve. Of course, since 1927, at which date the story closes, new and brighter chapters in the history of the Young Chinese movement have been written. These rather than contradict Dr. Amann's thesis, clarify and emphasize it. In the critique of Dr. Krebs it is interesting to note that he insists that if the people are to be educated to a realization of their new position, the task must be approached "with that reverence for the organic life of a nation and for its spirituality, which in the field of religion, Catholic missions show." After commending the work of the Jesuit and Steyl missionaries in this regard, and especially the work of the Catholic University of Peking which he suggests as "the most perfect model" for the educative phase of Sun Yat-sen's and the Nationalists' work, he concludes: "This *organic* education, such as the Pope tried to make possible through the establishment of the Catholic University at Peking, seems to me to be the very thing which must be striven for in the South. By economic measures alone, by the organization of a political and social party alone, by force of arms alone, such a task cannot be fulfilled. . . . If for the second phase of the execution of Sun Yat-sen's will, not *Moscow* but the *organically building spirit of Rome* is sought as an ally, then there will be hope that China may be saved from that bloodshed and misery into which this unhappy country and nation seem plunged at the time, beyond hope." W. I. L.

Some Forerunners of the Newspaper in England: 1476-1622.

By MATTHIAS A. SHAABER. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. \$4.00.

The whys and wherefores of the modern newspaper are a constantly increasing marvel. This book, the results of painstaking research in regard to the evolution of published "news", from the invention of printing to the issue of the first real newspaper in 1622, is further evidence of the truth of Solomon's aphorism about the elusiveness of supposed novelties. Although there were then no octuple presses spinning out miles of wood-pulp web, the basic factors of today's news bulletins were active more than three centuries ago, as Prof. Shaaber conclusively shows by innumerable citations of broadside ballads, official tracts, state papers, partisan and political propaganda pamphlets, serials and miscellanies that make up the immediate forerunners of the news-

paper as we now know it. While most of the news these publications dealt with had to do with affairs of state, and was serious and for the sober-minded, there was also an ample proportion of what we call "yellow" text:

It was written down to the understanding of the lower grades of the literate population and it would have interested the illiterate just as much if they could have read it. . . . It differs from its modern counterpart chiefly in giving the impression of greater sincerity, credulity and innocence.

The political roorback flourished, as did that popular modern instance the "fake". The Italians were the pioneer publishers of news and it is curious to note that the first newspapers in English were issued at Amsterdam in the Netherlands late in 1620. They were occasional productions, on single sheets and were called "Corantos", direct progenitors of the modern multiple form. The idea passed over to England where the first London "coranto" is dated September 24, 1621. The first Amsterdam sheet was sent out December 2, 1620. They ceased when the London publications began with this title: *Corante, or newes from Italy, Germany, Hungarie, Spaine, and France*, 1621. The author devotes a very interesting chapter to the printed apologetic news published by Catholics during the last sixty years of the period he covers, and regards it as most effective propaganda. Much was printed abroad or on secret presses in England at grave risk to the publishers. He comments that it "had a part in satisfying the appetite for news, an appetite which grows by what it feeds on, and is a necessary condition to the organization of a supply of printed news", all of which ought to hearten the zeal of the C. P. A., the N. C. W. C., and other successors of the Seventeenth Century pioneers, in their unselfish and praiseworthy enterprises for the cause of truth. T. F. M.

Pilsudski and Poland. By ROM LANDAU. New York: The Dial Press. \$5.00.

The title of this volume is not a misnomer, for M. Landau tells with Slavic fervor and enthusiasm the life story of a great man and the strange re-birth of a great State. In the mind of the eulogizer these two things are inseparable for it is the Marshal-Dictator who deserves credit, and lavishly receives it for the resurgence of Poland, the great buffer State. Holding the key to the mid-European countries that separated the Slavonic East from the Teutonic West, she naturally became the coveted prize of the Russians on the west and the Germans on the east. Torn by enemies and left without a leader even to protect her from an alien people within her borders, Poland seemed doomed until Josef Pilsudski, the man of many paradoxes, made his dramatic appearance. It was a dual opportunity and Pilsudski made the most of it. His biographer with strange candor and unusual insight gives a picture of his hero that shows another phase of the man who is generally thought of merely as a "Slavic Mussolini." But M. Landau is never completely carried away from the real character, complex as it may be, of his subject. Writing of the friendship which existed between the Polish Dictator and the reigning Holy Father, when as Achille Ratti, he was Papal Nuncio to Poland, the author observes: "While the Nuncio's sympathy for Pilsudski had its roots in sentiment and affection, Pilsudski's for Ratti had an undercurrent of ecclesiastical policy." Again there is much light thrown on the character of the Marshal in the excellent chapter about the relations between Pilsudski, as Chief of the Polish State, and Ignaz Paderewski, the famous pianist, as Polish Premier. Pilsudski, says his biographer, intended "to make use of this pianist, to win, and, in the end, to dominate." It was not a difficult task to break the supersensitive and temperamental artist when the right moment arrived. But since 1919, when Paderewski returned to his villa in Switzerland, the Polish Dictator has been meeting with opposition that has gained strength. He has scored a dramatic triumph in almost every instance, but his biographer has already written about the "Afterglow." It is a final chapter which insists by a pathetic repetition that "Pilsudski had grown old, yet he was scarcely more than sixty." F. S. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Religious Knowledge Library.—It was a happy thought of the publishers to project translations of the volumes of the well-known and important French series "Bibliothèque Catholique des Sciences Religieuses" that might be of special interest in English speaking countries. In the original the works that make up "The Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge" (Herder. \$1.35, each) have done much for the Church in France and one may well hope that corresponding good results will follow when they are made available to a larger reading public. Three volumes are now ready. "Baptism and Confirmation," by the Rev. Adhémar D'Alès, S.J., editor of "Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique," treats dogmatically, historically and liturgically these two great Sacraments. An appendix includes a discussion of the Baptismal Catechism according to St. Augustine. "The Greek Literature of the Early Christian Church" is an historical study by Abbe G. Bardy of the Greek writers of the first five centuries of our era, beginning with St. Clement and going down to Cyril of Alexandria and Theodoret of Cyrus. Its reading is facilitated by an introductory chapter on the general characteristics of the Greek literature and by an inclusion of a general summary before each of the three periods into which the author divides his study. "The Breviary: Its History and Contents," by Dom Baudot, O.S.B., will be of especial interest to seminarians and the clergy. Special attention is given to the reform by Pius X, and the author writes with a very patent effort to inspire his readers with the utmost respect and reverence for the Offices of the Roman Breviary in which, it will be recalled, Newman, while still a Protestant, "discovered such surpassing merit and beauty."

Treasury of the Faith Series.—Though it is commonly assumed that the Catholic laity should be and are encyclopedias regarding all that their religion touches, nevertheless its comprehensive content makes the first assumption unreasonable, while sad experience proves that the second is far from true. On the other hand, the good will to understand the reasons for the faith that is in them is universally manifest among the Faithful. It is this that has stimulated the publication of the systematic explanation of Catholic dogma under the title of "The Treasury of the Faith Series" (Macmillan). The latest addition to these handy and instructive volumes includes the discussion of such fundamental topics as Faith, Penance, Purgatory, the Divine Attributes, Baptism, and the Church. "God and His Attributes" (75c.) to which the Rev. Fulton J. Sheen writes the introduction, is a lucid presentation by the Rev. Arthur Reys of the perfections of the Deity from the Divine substance down through God's infinity, unity, omnipotence, immutability, eternity, intelligence, and volition. A concluding chapter on Adoration offers some practical suggestions regarding the significance of these Divine attributes for the individual.

Following a prefatory word by the Rev. William J. Duane, S.J., "Faith and Revealed Truth" (60c.) by the Rev. George D. Smith, brings a brief but clear answer to the intricate questions that are constantly being put both by believers and unbelievers as to the relations of faith and reason, the nature and scope of supernatural Revelation, and the act of faith itself. In sequence this is the first of the volumes of the series. Catholics may well read it not only for the theological lore it contains, but as indicating their duties so far as acceptance of and obedience to the teachings of the Church are concerned. The author is especially clear in emphasizing the duties of the Faithful not only regarding pure dogmas, but also with matters intimately connected with Revelation and infallibly taught by the Church.

The so-called Sacraments of the dead, Baptism and Penance, are the subjects that the Rev. John P. Murphy and the Rev. H. Harrington respectively treat in "The Sacrament of Baptism" (75 cents) and "The Sacrament of Penance" (60 cents). The former is particularly commendable for its constant references to the new Code of Canon-law and the splendid summary the author makes in his final chapter touching all the points centering about it. The latter, after discussing the place of penance in

the Christian life and justifying the Sacrament both by Scripture and Tradition, examines after the method of the theologians its matter and form and effects. A digression on indulgences and some practical advice for the guidance of the Faithful in the use of the Sacrament complements the doctrinal treatise. The preface to this volume is written by the Very Rev. John F. Fenlon, S.S., while Michael Williams contributes the introduction to Dr. Murphy's study.

With experience of life both within and without the true Church back of him, the Rev. R. A. Knox writes "The Church on Earth" (60 cents). Possibly its best summary and praise are the words of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. James H. Ryan, who writes the foreword: "It will be difficult to find a clearer and more interesting short statement of the nature, authority, and function of the Church than this little book. . . . The author has succeeded in re-stating our theological formulations on the Church in a vigorous, up-to-date and altogether convincing fashion."—The volume on the Church suffering "Purgatory" (75 cents) by the Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, O.S.B., introduced by the Rt. Rev. Patrick J. McCormick, affords a popular study of the much misunderstood Catholic doctrine regarding the suffering souls and especially the pains to which they are subjected and the intercession that the Church Militant may offer for them. The Catholic dogma about Purgatory, as recorded by the Council of Trent, is brief, but its implications are many. These the author exposes and defends with texts from Holy Writ and the argument that Tradition affords. More particularly the teaching of the Fathers like St. Augustine and St. Gregory the Great is made use of to show forth the belief of the ancient Church and the practices of the Faithful.

New Pamphlets.—For the Jubilee year of our Holy Father, a short account of his interest in and for work for the missions is given by Francis J. Burke, S.J., in a timely pamphlet of the "Mission Series", "Pius XI, Pope of the Missions" (Jesuit Mission Press, 10 cents). In the same series George J. Willmann, S.J., has told about actual conditions in a specific mission field, "The Philippines, Isles of Gold" Father Willmann points out the threat of destruction for these happy islands because of the scarcity of priests, of Sisters, of Catholic schools, which may sweep from the country the priceless heritage of Catholic Faith. Though there are many zealous American missionaries toiling in the Philippines to stem the tide of religious indifference and to spread the Gospel, their number is all too small for the work.

Daniel A. Lord, S.J., has added five new pamphlets to his already large and popular list. "Marry Your Own" discusses in familiar style the problem of mixed marriage; "When Mary Walked the Earth" pictures in short, vivid flashed some possible scenes and incidents which may have marked the life of Mary, of whom all that we know and all that we can imagine is "gracious, tender, queenly, wonderfully beautiful." "Don't Say It!" is a plain but true picture of what gossips, male and female, do to the world. "Fashionable Sin" is called a modern discussion of an unpopular subject; it shows the disguise which an ugly thing has taken on. A companion pamphlet "Prodigals and Christ" shows the true nature of sin and its effects on the individual, but at the same time shows also the dignity of real contrition and the true nobility of repentance. All of these are printed by the Queen's Work Press, 5 cents each, in attractive form and practical size to fit the inside pocket or the handbag.

The America Press has reprinted in pamphlet form the talks delivered before the Forum of Columbus Council, 126, Knights of Columbus, by the Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., on "The Catholic Doctrine of Matrimony" (America Press, 10 cents). These papers treat of the Nature of Matrimony; the Unity and the Indissolubility of Matrimony; the Sanctity of Matrimony; and the Duty of Matrimony—the Education of Children.

The Catholic Truth Society of Dublin has issued a short biography of "Saint Alphonsus: the Most Zealous Doctor" by Rev. John Carr, C.S.S.R., and a clear exposition of "What Christ Thought of the Scriptures and of Inspiration" by Dom J. B. McLaughlin, O.S.B.

The Glenlitten Murder. Fighting Caravans. Another Day. Dudley and Gilderoy. Plupy the Wirst Yet.

That there is much in the plot of "The Glenlitten Murder" (Little, Brown.) that is common to very many detective stories its versatile author, E. Phillips Oppenheim, has introduced enough novel features into the narrative and enough intriguing episodes to sustain the interest of the reader until the crimes that upset Andrew Glenlitten's week-end party in his wealthy English estate were solved. For once Scotland Yard does not furnish the hero, nor indeed is he a detective at all. The ending is happy though the criminal gets his deserts, and though there is no romance ending in the Recorder's office consequent upon the solving of the mystery, interest is increased by the Russian and French coloring the author has given his story and by the contrasts his female characters present. One is tempted to speculate as to what precisely might be meant when Mr. Oppenheim notes that "there was a queer Jesuitical note" in the voice of one of his characters. This is his second offense of the kind.

It is the beginning of the last half of the nineteenth century, the gold rush of '49 is over, and long trains of covered wagons wend their way over the trackless wastes of the rolling prairie. Some of course are pioneer settlers, fleeing from the thralldom of civilization, but for the most part these caravans are freighters, manned by a race of supermen. What a rollicking tale of adventure Zane Grey gives us in "Fighting Caravans" (Harpers, \$2.00). One lives again those stirring times, and meets, as it were, face to face such characters as Kit Carson and Captain Maxwell. One hears the War Whoop and sees the dread shadowy forms of the ruthless Comanche bands, as they surround the caravans. At the same time through this tale of many a fight one finds the silver thread of as fine a romance as he has read for many a day. Here is a story worth the reading with history as the background of the fiction. There are thrills that come with the clean, fresh breath of adventure.

A spinner of tales is Jeffry Farnol, whose skill takes the rainbow strands of life and weaves them into a tapestry of such exquisite beauty that romance lives again. Each new book from his pen is another triumph, and so with open arms is welcomed "Another Day" (Little, Brown, \$2.50). There is the American lover, who thinks he is a murderer, but is mistaken. There is the girl, Josepha, one "who dares," and she also makes mistakes. There are the friends of Dallas tried and true. Of course there is the villain, Derek Ryerson. And last but far from least is quaint little Patience, who cuts the many Gordian knots of this tangled skein with a child's directness, and brings happiness to all in the end; for as she says: "It's frightflee good to forgive people, 'cause it says so in Our-Father-which-art, you know."

When one has at last a quiet evening, and when one is fagged out in mind and body, one takes up a book, but not some ponderous tome nor even a hair raising tale of adventure. Then there is a search for a light fantastic story where sportive humor flits from page to page. The search is ended when "Dudley and Gilderoy" (Dutton, \$2.50) falls into our hands. The firm of E. P. Dutton has well served the weary public in introducing these two rascals, the aristocratic King Grey Parrot and the disreputable red-haired cat. Algernon Blackwood is the author from whose fertile brain were evolved the quaint adventures of two who by rights should have been enemies instead of boon companions. How they read each other's minds! They need to for theirs is an exciting trip to London Town. But the cat did come back in the end, and only the King Grey Parrot knew how, and he won't tell.

During the past year the readers of a certain well-known magazine have chuckled many a time over the pages of Plupy's Privit Diary. Now you may have it in book form under the title: "Plupy, the Wirst Yet" (Dorrance, \$2.00). To think that a staid judge, for such is the occupation of Plupy grown up, Henry A. Shute by name, could pen such a real treat! One is tempted to believe that he never did grow up. Here is a laugh for young and old, for there are many Plupys in the world today, but one doubts if they are having as good a time as the original Plupy did. Like Oliver Twist "We want some more."

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

For Better American Movies Abroad

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Even a casual scrutiny of your correspondence column shows that AMERICA counts. Its influence is exerted among people who are leaders, actual or potential; leaders upwards, not downwards. Therefore, may I beg the hospitality of your columns to appeal to the charity of your thousands of American readers to put some bar to the exporting of crook movies. By "crook" I do not mean poorly acted pictures: I mean such pictures as an American Catholic would restrain his own family from patronizing.

In Australasia our picture theaters are flooded with crook American movies, in spite of local censors. The movie business seems to be auriferous, in proportion to the salacity of the pictures exhibited. Our public taste in these matters is bad; and crook pictures are making that taste worse. The evil of the thing here is worse even than the evils attending the attempted enforcement of anti-liquor laws in the United States; and there seems to be little chance of ever raising effective censorship at this end.

Is there any chance of organizing an "American Good Name Association," which would prevent the export of crook movies? America leads the world in many things: will she lead the world in a gentlemanly crusade for consuming your own smoke?

Auckland, N. Z.

HUGH McHAIGH.

The Cardinal Gibbons Institute

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following communication, received by me from a venerable and venerated Episcopalian clergyman of the colored race, may be of interest to your readers.

New York.

JOHN LaFARGE, S.J.

My dear Father LaFarge:

I was very greatly pleased in reading in a late issue of the *New York Age* concerning the gathering in the interest of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute. . . . I have often indulged the thought that were the many complimentary utterances of colored non-Roman Catholics, with respect to that Church, sincere, they could give no better interpretation to the same, in a really constructive way, than by sending an offering, however small, for the benefit of this institution dedicated to the memory of Cardinal Gibbons.

Cardinal Gibbons, a poor Irish boy, was born in Baltimore. He loved our people devotedly, and was ever their faithful friend and defender. The writer, when a newsboy in Petersburg, Va., came in contact with the Cardinal, who was Bishop of Richmond at that time. Upon our removal to this city, many years ago, to assume the rectorship of St. James African Church, we made ourselves known to the Cardinal, and renewed our old acquaintance. Quite frequently, during our residence in this city, did we have the honor and the privilege of converse with the Cardinal, about his work for the race. There is no doubt in the world of the greatness of his heart towards the black race. He not only ordained the first Negro ever elevated to the priesthood in this country, in his own cathedral in the very city in which both were born, but the majority of Negroes elevated to the priesthood in the Roman Catholic Church were raised to such dignity by his own hands.

But the most significant act of all upon the part of the Cardinal on behalf of the Negro race was, in a time of great distress when "Jim-Crow" and disfranchisement were knocking at our door in Maryland, and were about to enter, Cardinal Gibbons readily, cheerfully, and completely threw the full weight of his influence against these evils, and thereby delivered us from the humiliation awaiting us.

It was the writer's solicitation that brought forth the response. The promptness of the Cardinal may be noted in the opening words of that historic communication (the original in his own handwriting I have), "In reply to your letter of yesterday, I hasten to say that the introduction of the 'Jim-Crow' bill into the Maryland Legislature is very distressing to me."

Non-Roman Catholics, of the Negro race, of whatever religious persuasion they may be, if they have anything in their hearts like sincere appreciation for brave white men who have dared under all circumstances to stand up for and plead for justice on behalf of the black man, should rejoice in having the privilege to make a contribution, though it be only a dollar, to perpetuate the name and memory of a man who from poverty to the Primacy of his great Church in the United States, was ever the friend and steadfast champion of the black man.

Down in Southern Maryland, upon the first soil upon which the feet of the weary passengers of the "Ark and the Dove" rested, let there arise an imposing institution, in whose erection members of the Negro race should participate, in memory of the great American Cardinal who was the first to open the door of the priesthood to the black race.

I am, my dear Father, in the bonds of our common Lord,
Faithfully yours,

Baltimore.

GEORGE F. BRAGG.

A Catholic-Book-Fair

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In view of the movement to promote literature recently launched by Cardinal Hayes, your readers may be interested in an attempt to stimulate interest in, and increase knowledge of, Catholic literature, on the part of Miss Cecilia M. Young of Chicago. This took the form of a Catholic Book Fair, held in a local Catholic bookstore some years ago, at which Catholic books of all varieties, and dealing with a great diversity of subjects, were exhibited.

The exhibit was particularly useful in increasing appreciation of the extent of Catholic literature, and in awakening the public to what had been done and could be done by Catholic writers.

Another feature of the exhibit was the publicity given to the Catholic periodicals. After the Fair was over, the bookstore where it had been held was one of the few convenient places in Chicago where those who did not happen to live in Jesuit parishes could buy copies of AMERICA, and many people availed themselves of this opportunity.

As a rule we Catholics seem deficient in pride in the achievements of our own people. Perhaps it is because we do not know of them. Any movement, or enterprise, therefore, which serves as an advertisement of Catholic achievement, is an encouragement to others to undertake further work along the same lines. If Catholic literature were better known, we would have more Catholic literature.

Chicago.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

No Axe to Grind

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If I may, I would like to make a few observations on your "Aftermath of the Carnegie Report." I have no axe to grind, so what I have to say is very impersonal, and I hope that you will accept it as such.

From that interesting interview you had with your friend the coach, I am led to one conclusion: that your friend the coach is trying hard to build up a false alibi as an excuse for his team's showing. I believe your friend the coach is a very hard loser. May I ask you if you took the trouble to investigate some of his charges? I feel sure that if you had investigated, before using such valuable and killing information, you would find that the three sophomores playing for his friend's team this year did not play with him four years ago when he was playing professional. Coaches, you know, in the Fall are often given to exaggeration. Also if you were to inquire about the exactly fifteen young men who were promised everything from that neighborhood college, you would surely discover that those same fifteen were

"thrown out" because they did not fulfil the contract that they entered upon. They did not produce—they were not "good players." They were flying under false colors. They were supposed to give something in exchange for something. The college or athletic authorities had no obligation to carry them unless they did, for they are not running a charitable institution. I am sure, as I have found out in many cases, that these same fifteen young men would tell you that they did not make the "grade," and that they were treated justly. I would like you to show where there is anything dishonorable in this mode of action. . . .

Then again you say in your "Aftermath" that "Everybody knows the practices are dishonorable." I wonder how you can make such a general statement that is against the facts. There are many whom I know that claim that these practices are most honorable. You merely make a statement and make no attempt to prove it. You surely have forgotten the meaning of the word *dishonorable*. Is it dishonorable to give a young man a scholarship in return for his athletic ability, any more than it is dishonorable to give a young man a scholarship for his scholastic ability? It is dishonorable to obtain young men with athletic ability for your college? Since when has commercialism been put on the Index? Will you tell me how is it dishonest or dishonorable or unfair to the boys in the so-called present system in trying to obtain the best athletes for your college, and in return granting them a scholarship for such service? Surely there is nothing dishonest or dishonorable or unfair to the boys in all this.

I am afraid that your "Aftermath" is a "Fumble"—and it is against the rules this year to run away with a fumble. The best thing that you can do is to go again into a huddle, but be sure to come out less befuddled. . . .

Now, in conclusion, I don't think that anyone could justly object to a young man who has athletic ability obtaining a scholarship for his service, but what everyone should object against is to allow that same young man to continue in college if he is not succeeding in his studies. Wherever this is done, you have real dishonesty and unfairness, and it should be stopped. And this is in the hands of the faculty.

I wish that you would publish this letter in your "Communications Column," for I would like to know what the readers of AMERICA think about this matter.

Washington.

JOHN HAPGOOD.

[The dishonorable part of the practices is mostly in the secrecy and deception that accompany them.—Ed. AMERICA.]

The Millennium of St. Wenceslas

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I thank you sincerely for having published some notes of comment on St. Wenceslas' millennium (929-1929) in the issue of AMERICA for December 28.

Why almost nothing appeared in the English-speaking press I do not know. Perhaps someone can tell me. In the local organ of the archdiocese, the *New World*, there was an article, modest in extent, it is true, but sympathetically written. Unfortunately the author indulged in fantasy while enumerating the pieces of St. Wenceslas' personal property which are still extant. Some of them are not in existence, and have not been for the last 500 years. Then, too, there is the "metal shirt"—still extant—which he conceived to be an instrument of penance, while as a matter of fact it is a rare piece of armor! There were some similar slips on the part of the Pilgrim, in AMERICA. He thinks St. Ludmila was the mother of Wenceslas, that he rebuilt the church of St. Vitus, that he died [?] there.

But these details are of minor importance. What The Pilgrim did do, and what I think has to be done if the public is to draw any profit from occasions like this, was to make comment upon some points in the millennium. All of his were very true, very significant, really instructive, even for readers of Czech descent who are already well informed.

The Pilgrim and his source of information are to be heartily thanked and congratulated.

Chicago.

(REV.) ALOYS MERGL.

Temperance Crusade Needed

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been a constant reader of your excellent publication for some years and rate it the best.

I am in very general agreement with all that you say editorially and otherwise upon the liquor question, but I find myself inclined to regret your too infrequent articles upon the abuses and dangers of the use of intoxicants in this day and time. I know you are not unaware of the evils of present-day life, particularly but not exclusively among our young people, which are traceable to the use of intoxicants. "Oh, that a man should put a demon in his mouth to steal away his brains!" holds as good today as it did in the days of Father Mathew. So I think another Father Mathew crusade is due in this country. At least I should like to see a greater effort made to teach our young people the danger to both body and soul in the intemperate use of alcohol.

I am a witness to the ravages, both physical and moral, that are upon us, and I can hope for relief through the application of saner methods. I am wondering if the frequent criticisms of the Volstead law by our people, and in our publications, is altogether constructive. Certainly not, if the evil effects of intemperance are not emphasized in the same article.

I appreciate what you are doing and hope for your growth and prosperity.

South Bend, Ind.

DAVID L. GUILFOYLE.

Press and Publicity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The writer being a member of the same profession as Dr. Mayo, as well as a reader of the *Chicago Tribune*, took more than an ordinary interest in the reported version of Dr. Mayo's views on miracles, and greatly enjoyed your editorial commenting on it.

It drove home to me a great lesson, that there is a field for an organization or committee, national in scope, to meet such situations as this—to put the Church's side before the public (using the same media, the public press).

We can learn much from those outside the Fold. Take the Christian Scientists, for example. If the article had been a reflection on them, within two days some member of that sect would have used the columns of the same paper, in replying to it. They would have reached the same group of readers. They are prepared in their own way to meet such situations. Are we? Unfortunately, we are not.

Everyone sees the necessity of doing something, yet it is met by default. Everyone knows the secular press is not especially friendly to the Church. Our daily papers from time to time contain subtle and sinister trusts at her and her teachings on faith and morals, yet we make no concerted or organized effort to meet or correct this situation. In this we are lacking; here is a breach or gap that can and should be closed.

I think it was Will Hays, speaking of propaganda, who said, "Things do not just happen, they are brought about." If big business and selfish interests, who have no moral background, can influence the public at large to see things from their angle, is it not reasonable to conclude this same reading public, thousands of whom are fair-minded, would give a friendly ear to the Church's side of a question, if we had a way to get our message across to them? We have the truth. Why are we silent?

A practical useful plan to meet this situation can be worked out. It is a challenge to our leadership. Today we are on the defensive in this country, and you cannot win battles by remaining on the defensive.

Quincy, Ill.

H. P. BEIRNE.

Is There a Cathedral at Penrith?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Every article appearing in AMERICA is of great interest to me, but I feel that I must express my admiration of Father Talbot's article, "As Unrolled at Penrith." Every detail and happening was so clearly visualized that one could not help having the desire to go to Penrith. But I must confess I had to read Father Talbot's article twice, and then I was not certain about there being a cathedral at Penrith!

Brooklyn.

PAULINE McCORMICK.